HACK/SLASH™

HORROR

Crossed over,
and crossed out.

AN IMAGE COMICS PRODUCTION CREATED BY TIM SEELEY & STEFANO CASELLI
WRITTEN BY TIM SEELEY, BRANDON JERWA & SHAWN ALDRIDGE
WITH ART BY CEZAR RAZEK RAPHA LOBOSCO CELOR CHRIS O'HALLORAN DEE CUNNIFFE
JENNY FRISON CRAIG CERMAK CRANK! and many others.

HACK/SLASH™

OMNIBUS

THE CROSSOVERS

A

TIM SEELEY/STEFANO CASELLI PRODUCTION

SERIES DESIGN

SEAN DOVE & TIM SEELEY

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MONSTER'S BALL
PART 1, 2, 3, and 4

Originally Hack/Slash / Eva #1-4

STORY Brandon Jerwa
ART Cezar Razek
COLORS Salvatore Aiala
LETTERS Marshall Dillon

THE HEART IS A LONELY KILLER
PART 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5

Originally Hack/Slash vs. Vampirella #1-5

STORY Shawn Aldridge
ART Rapha Lobosco
COLORS Chris O'Halloran
LETTERS CRANK!
EDITOR Kevin Ketner

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS!
PART 1

STORY Tim Seeley
ART Rapha Lobosco
COLORS Dee Cunniffe
LETTERS CRANK!
EDITOR Kevin Ketner

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS! PART 2, 3, 4, and 5

STORY Tim Seeley
ART CELOR
COLORS Dee Cunniffe
LETTERS CRANK!
EDITOR Kevin Ketner

I WILL DEFEAT YOU ALL

STORY Tim Seeley
ART Daniel Leister
COLORS Carlos Moreno
LETTERS CRANK!

MONSTER'S BALL PART 1

HACK/SLASH / EVA #1A by **TIM SEELEY**

From the journals of
Victor Frankenstein:

In this matter of creation I have been fraught with uncertainty. It is often an absence of faith in my own ability that blinkers my eyes when I need them most, but not this day.

I have seen the shape of things to come, and it has engendered in me a sense of obsession: I must possess the Philosopher's Stone.

I'll not embarrass myself by speculating on the extent of its power; all accounts are apocryphal, and I suspect they underestimate the potential of the thing.

One thing is known. The Stone holds the link between intellectual science and arcane mysticism.

It is true that I have achieved my goal. I have created life from dead matter!

But know as I do: Flesh animated by electric breath; form given the function of impulse – it is life, but it is not alive. Not truly.

There is dimness in the eyes. A human brain reanimated commands the motion and focus of the gaze, but it cannot imbue those eyes with light.

It is the heart that makes the light; a true heart, not my simple device of fluid pumps and metronomic rhythm.

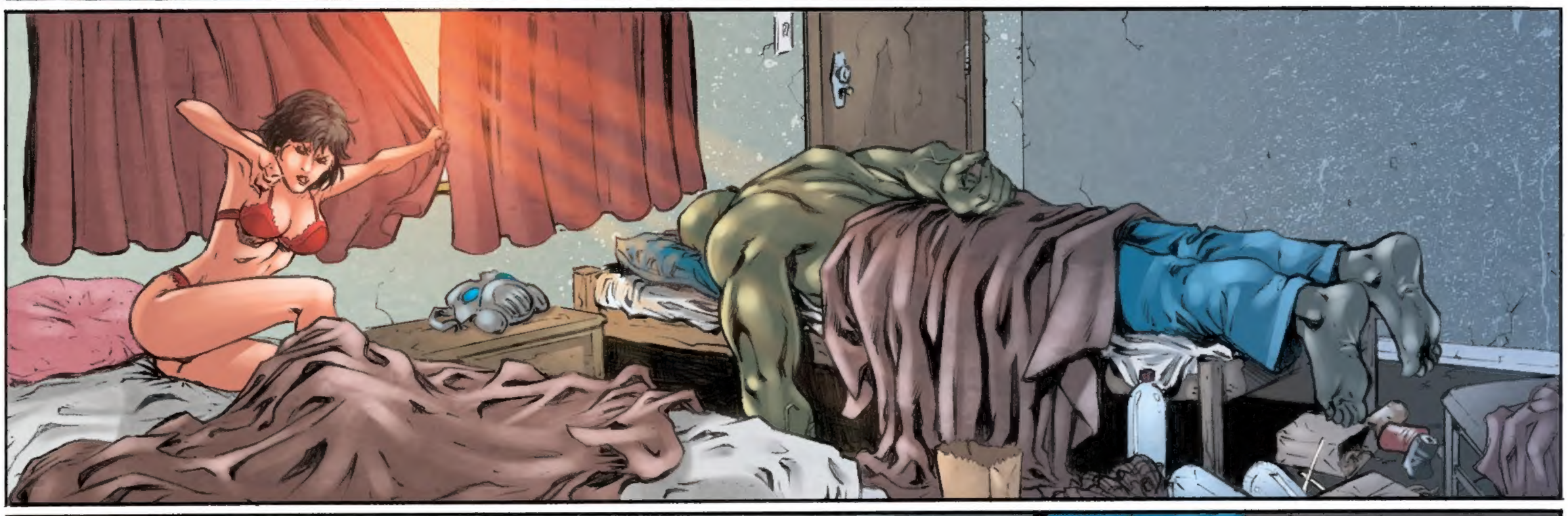
The Stone shall be the heart.

I am no rival to God. I do not aspire to usurp my creator, though many of my peers might suggest otherwise.

PROPERTY CLOSED FOR DEVELOPMENT
TRESPASSERS WILL BE PROSECUTED

If we are servants of God's will, as the scriptures insist, who can judge me? Who can presume to know what forces guide my hand?

FRANKLIN
MOTOR
INN
VACANCY



I am not concerned with offending God. if there is a final judgment, I will stand in my own defense without pretense or fear.

Until then, let God carry on with his works I shall carry on with mine.

WHUMP
WHUMP
WHUMP
VLAD! ANSWER THE GODDAMN DOOR!

WE DON'T USUALLY MEET WITH *REPORTERS*, MISTER MAXWELL.

CALL ME *MATT*. I UNDERSTAND YOUR RELUCTANCE, BUT I'M NOT HERE FOR A STORY.

I CONTACTED YOU THROUGH YOUR OLD *WEBSITE*, BUT I'M EMBARRASSED TO ADMIT THAT I DON'T EVEN KNOW YOUR *NAMES*.

I'M *CASSIE*. THIS IS *VLAD*.

TEN BONUS POINTS TO YOU FOR BRINGING *COFFEE*. I NEEDED THIS.

PLUG THIS INTO YOUR LAPTOP.

I WAS THE FIRST PERSON TO NOTICE THE *PATTERN*; THE INITIAL INCIDENT WAS THREE *WEEKS* AGO, AND WRITTEN OFF AS RANDOM WEIRDNESS--

"INCIDENT"?

OH, FUCK BEANS AND BISCUITS.

SOMEONE'S STEALING THE *BODIES* OF *SLASHERS* THAT *WE'VE* KILLED?

WHO'S DOING THIS? AND ***WHY?!***

THE JOBS HAVE BEEN QUICK AND QUIET, AND LIMITED TO ***YOUR*** ENEMIES. YOU TWO AREN'T EXACTLY ***HIGH-PROFILE***; IT'S NOT LIKE EVERYONE HAS **ACCESS** TO THE INFORMATION THEY'D NEED TO PLOT THIS OUT.

THIS IS DEFINITELY AN, UH, ***"OUTSIDE JOB"***. ONE CEMETERY HAS SECURITY-CAM FOOTAGE OF SOMEONE COMING ONTO THE GROUNDS AT NIGHT--

SOMETIMES SLASHERS DON'T STAY DEAD. MAYBE THEY ROBBED THEIR OWN GRAVES FROM THE INSIDE...?

PWNF

SHUCK

SHIT! ***MATT!***

HE'S DEAD.

GEE, YOU ***THINK?!*** THIS ISN'T THE TIME TO PLAY ***"CSI: SHITTY MOTEL"***, VLAD! WE'VE GOTTA FIND--

--THERE!

HEY! HEY, ***CHICKENSHIT*** WITH THE GUN! WHY DON'TCHA COME BACK AND LET'S DO THIS ***UP CLOSE***, HUH?

DAMN IT, SOMEBODY ***STOP*** HER!

BRRRRMMMM

ARE THEY FOLLOWING US?

PLEASE. THEY'RE PROBABLY STILL STANDING AROUND *YELLING* AT--

--Oh.

BATTER *UP,* BITCH!

BRRRUUUMMM

SHRAAAAAK

Aaahh I CAN'T KEEP IT--

KRACK

SCREESH

iiiiYyyAAaAggghh

EEEE

WE SHOULD AT LEAST TAKE A *PICTURE* OF HER FOR THE *POLICE* OR SOMETHING--

THAT'S THE *LAST* THING IN THE *WORLD* YOU SHOULD DO.

THE BRONX.

INRI

YOUR HOUSE MAY BE EMPTY, LORD...

...BUT I REMAIN. I STILL LISTEN FOR YOUR VOICE. I WONDER IF YOU KNOW THAT.

I'M CERTAIN HE DOES, **EVA**.

GOD MAY FALL SILENT FOR A TIME, BUT HE IS ***EVER-PRESENT***. HE REMAINS, JUST AS **YOU** DO.

AND LIKE ***HIM***, YOU ARE ***NEVER ALONE***.

I KNOW, ***MICHAEL***. YOU'VE STAYED WITH ME LONGER THAN YOU ***INTENDED***...AND PERHAPS LONGER THAN YOU SHOULD.

THE WAR HAS ***SLOWED***, BUT IT'S FAR FROM ***OVER***. I VOWED TO STAND WITH YOU UNTIL THE END, AND I WILL...

...BUT IT IS ***MORE*** THAN A ***PROMISE*** THAT KEEPS ME WITH YOU.

...THANK YOU.

THE RAIN HAS FINALLY FOUND ITS WAY *INSIDE*. CAN IT BE MENDED?

I'LL SEE TO IT. HEAVEN KNOWS SOMEONE SHOULD.

HOW COULD THEY *DO* IT? HOW COULD PEOPLE JUST LEAVE THEIR PLACE OF WORSHIP AND LET IT *DECAY* LIKE THIS?

THIS IS *NOT* OUR TIME, AND THEY ARE *NOT* OUR *PEOPLE*. THEIR SANCTUARIES ARE DYING BECAUSE THEIR BELIEFS ARE ALREADY *DEAD*.

I'LL BE IN THE ATTIC. I WANT TO BE *CLEAN* BEFORE WE MAKE OUR ROUNDS IN THIS FILTHY CITY.

I'D LIKE A MOMENT *HERE*.

Eh?

WHO'S *THERE*? STAND FORWARD AND SHOW YOURSELVES.

THIS IS *HOLY GROUND*, FIENDS...

...I WILL *NOT* STAND BY AND ALLOW IT TO BE DESECRATED BY THE LIKES OF *YOU*.

LORD, HEAR MY PRAYER. GRANT ME *STRENGTH*, AND *FORGIVE* ME AS I TREAD THE *WARRIOR'S PATH* IN THIS SACRED HALL.

THY WILL BE DONE.

THE...HERALD...TO FAAA-THERRR.

TO. FA-THER.

YOU ARE UNHOLY ABOMINATIONS--

--AND YOU *WILL* BE DRIVEN OUT!

EEEYUURYYI BURNNNGH

IIIIIT BUUURRRRNNNNS

GRRM HNNH HNNK

EEEEVAAAAAA

YOU DO NOT BELONG!

I'M HERE! FREE YOURSELF!

HURRNNK!

BACK TO HELL WITH YOU!

HERALD-TO-FATHER!

MMMNNNG!

HUNNH HUUUUUNNNNHH HUUUNNHHH

THANK YOU FOR THE RAIN, SWEET LORD. THANK YOU FOR THE RAIN. A BLESSING. A BLESSING.

YOU'RE A ***FASCINATING*** LITTLE PATCHWORK MAN, AREN'T YOU?

IT IS AN INDISPUTABLE FACT THAT YOU WERE CREATED BY ***VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN***, AND YET YOU'VE PLEDGED YOUR FAITH TO THE ***ALL-SEEING FICTION*** THAT SO MANY BELIEVE TO BE THE CREATOR OF THE ENTIRE HUMAN RACE.

BUT ***THIS*** NAME YOU'VE CHOSEN FOR YOURSELF--***MICHAEL*** WAS A ***CHIEF*** AMONG THE ***ANGELS***, WASN'T HE? YOU'RE FLIRTING WITH THE SIN OF ***PRIDE*** THERE.

ZZZK KK ZK KKK

YES. CURIOUS.

WHY DO YOU *EXIST?* WHAT DRIVES YOU?

TOO STUPID TO *SPEAK*. TOO STUPID TO *RUN AWAY*.

HRNK. TO FA..THERRR. HRNK

OKK OKK HNRRK

I STAND CORRECTED ON THE LAST SCORE. *DO* SAY HELLO TO--

..MICHAEL?!

NNNGH! LET GO OF ME!

OORR RNNNK

THE *RESTRAINTS*, EMIL...?

THEY'RE READY, DOCTOR.

SECURE HIM, THEN. LET'S BE ON OUR WAY.

MICHAEL, I'M COMING--

NO! YOU CAN'T...YOU... BRING HIM BACK!

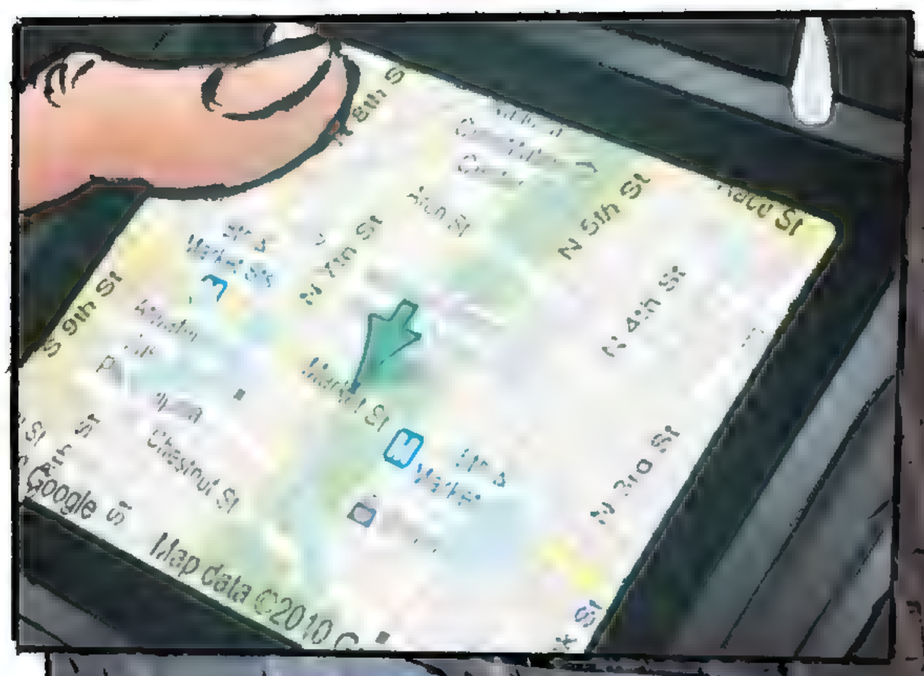
MICHAEL--

CH-HUUKK!

"FATHER." THAT'S A WORD YOU KNOW.

FA. UUOOONK. FAA-K-URRR. FAATH. NNK. FATHER.

YES. TO FATHER. YOU TAKE ME. YOU TAKE TO FATHER.



DOESN'T FEEL RIGHT. DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

ACTUALLY, IT MAKES *PERFECT* SENSE. WHOEVER SENT THOSE FUCKWIT *ASSASSINS* THIS MORNING OBVIOUSLY HAS *CONNECTIONS*.

A MAJOR *COLLEGE CAMPUS* IS A GOOD PLACE TO DICK AROUND WITH *DEAD BODIES* WITHOUT RAISING AN IMMEDIATE RED FLAG...

...AND I'M GONNA GUESS THIS *SECONDARY MAP* TO THE "*SPECIAL PROJECTS BUILDING*" ISN'T GOING TO LEAD US TO A *MOTORCYCLE* CLASS FOR KIDS WITH *PRESCRIPTION HELMETS*.

I *LIKED* HIM. THE GUY WHO GOT *KILLED* IN OUR MOTEL ROOM. HE WAS *COOL*.

THINKING ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM MAKES ME WANT TO *PUKE*. THIS KIND OF SHIT JUST *PROVES* THAT WE WERE RIGHT TO SHUT DOWN *HACK/SLASH, INC.*

I CAN'T LIVE WITH THE IDEA OF PEOPLE GETTING *HURT* OR *KILLED* JUST BECAUSE THEY'RE TRYING TO *HELP* US.

THIS IS THE PLACE. PUT ON YOUR *SNEAKY-PANTS* AND LET'S FIND OUT WHAT'S GOING ON HERE.

THEN WE'LL SEE ABOUT *SETTLING* THE FUCKING *SCORE*.

--AND THAT'S WHY I'VE ALWAYS INSISTED THAT *SCIENCE* IS NOT *ENOUGH*. IF YOU REMOVE THE *ART* AND THE *ROMANCE* OF *EXPLORATION*, YOU ARE LEFT WITH *MATH*. YOUR END RESULT--

THE "SCIENCE" YOU'RE SEEKING TO PRODUCE--IS *ONLY A SUM!*

SCIENCE IS NOTHING MORE THAN A *BLUNT OBJECT*; A *GUN*, A *KNIFE*. WHEN YOU STRIKE, YOU NEED A STEADY HAND--

--THE POINT I'M ABOUT TO MAKE IS THE *CRUX* OF MY ASSERTION, *ANA*. PAY ATTENTION--

-- BUT TO STRIKE WITH *MAXIMUM EFFECT*, YOU MUST HAVE *PATIENCE!*

I'VE *BEEN* PATIENT. I'VE WAITED LITERALLY *HUNDREDS* OF *YEARS* FOR THIS OPPORTUNITY. NO ONE ON *EARTH* CAN EVEN *CONCEIVE* OF SUCH A THING...

...WELL, NO ONE *EXCEPT* THAT GOD-FEARING *MONSTROSITY* AND HIS RABID VIRGIN *LIABILITY*. REMIND ME TO HAVE HER KILLED...EH?

GASP!

NO NEED TO *WAIT.*

WELCOME, EVA. IF YOU'RE EXPECTING ME TO *FEIGN SURPRISE* BECAUSE YOU *TRACKED* US *HERE*, I MAY LEAVE YOU WANTING.

I THINK WE *BOTH* KNOW THAT YOUR RESOURCEFULNESS HAS *NEVER* FAILED TO IMPRESS ME.

I KNOW NOTHING OF THE *SORT*, AND YOUR *GAMES* ARE *TIRING*. TAKE ME TO MICHAEL OR *DIE* AT MY *FEET*, STRANGER. I HAVE *NO* PREFERENCE.

YOU CARRY WITH YOU A *SPIKE* THAT PIERCED THE FLESH OF YOUR *SAVIOR* WHEN HE HUNG ON THE CROSS...

...BUT YOU'VE *FORGOTTEN* THE MAN WHO *GAVE* YOU THAT BLESSED ARTIFACT AND SET YOU ON THE *PATH* THAT YOU FOLLOW *TO THIS DAY.*

I CAN'T BE *WHAT?*

THE VERY SAME.

YOU'RE... NO. *YOU CAN'T BE!*

PRAETORIOUS.

FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, YOU BROUGHT ME THE MOST POWERFUL OBJECT IN THE *HISTORY* OF *HUMAN EXISTENCE*...

...AND EAGERLY TRADED IT AWAY FOR NOTHING MORE THAN A PIECE OF *SCRAP METAL* MADE *LEGENDARY* BY THE GREATEST *LIE* OF ALL TIME.

BLASPHEMER!

STAND--

ASIDEEEE!!--

AAGGGH--

KRKKK

KRAK

NO HARM SHALL COME TO FATHER.

WHUUOOOOUUGHHH

SKLURRCKK

CASSIE!

I HEARD IT, BUT WHERE--?

DOWNSTAIRS.

FLOOR ONE

I'M SURE YOU ALWAYS INTENDED TO MEET YOUR END WITH ***MICHAEL*** AT YOUR ***SIDE***, BUT I'M AFRAID I'M NOT QUITE ***FINISHED*** WITH HIM YET.

WH-WHERRE...IS...H-HE? HAVE...I HAVE TO... *FUH-**FIND** HU-U* HIMMM...

PHUUUHH

IF ***HEAVEN*** EXISTS--AND I STILL INSIST IT DOES NOT--I'M AFRAID YOU WON'T EVEN FIND HIM ***THERE***.

ANA...?

KRAUNK

YOU TAKE CERTAIN THINGS FOR ***GRANTED*** WITH THE EARNEST FAITH OF A ***CHILD***. I ALMOST ***ADMIRE*** THAT ABOUT YOU.

FOR EXAMPLE: I'D ***LIKE*** TO ***BELIEVE*** THAT A JUST AND FAIR ***GOD*** WOULD REJECT THE ***BLOODY CRUSADE*** YOU'VE CARRIED OUT IN HIS NAME, AND CAST YOU ***OUT*** OF HIS ***KINGDOM*** AS PUNISHMENT.

BUT I'M A MAN OF ***SCIENCE***. MY OWN BELIEF SYSTEM HAS MORE ***TANGIBLE*** REQUIREMENTS. THUS, IF I WANT TO BE ***CERTAIN*** THAT YOU'LL SPEND THE REST OF YOUR DAYS ***BURNING*** IN ***HELL***...

...THEN I MUST ***CREATE*** HELL.

CHOOF

IN THERE. BAD THINGS ARE HAPPENING IN THERE. VERY BAD THINGS...

...LISTEN. DO YOU SMELL SOMETHING?

DOWN CASSIE GETDOWNDOWN DOWN--!

FUUUUCK MMMMEEEE

CHOOOMPH

BREENT BREENT BREENT BREENT BREENT

koff koff uhuuuk koff

WE HAVE TO Koff GO!

YOU GO. I HAVE TO SEE.

SEE WHAT?! GODDAMMIT, VLAD--

--HOLY SHIT. I GOT HER. RIGHT THERE!

YES. COMING TO US...!

Hnnnn

Hnnuunnnggggh

Nnnuuhhnn

KEEP MOVING. WE CAN HELP. GET YOU TO THE HOSPITAL OR SOMETHING. JUST HANG ON. IT'S OKAY. IT'LL BE--

Pray--

MONSTER'S BALL PART 2

HACK/SLASH / EVA #2A by **TIM SEELEY**

CAN YOU HEAR ME?

WHO ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?

YOU KNOW WHO I AM, *MICHAEL.*

I *DO NOT* KNOW YOU. I HAVE NEVER SEEN YOU BEFORE. CAN YOU TELL ME YOUR NAME?

YOUR NAME. PLEASE.

EVA. MY NAME... IS EVA.

HELLO, EVA. I AM *VLAD.*

VLAD...?! WHERE IS MICHAEL?!

YOUR MASTER DID THIS. PRAETORIOUS DID THIS TO ME! HE TOOK MICHAEL--

I HAVE NO MASTER...

...I DO NO KNOW MICHAEL OR THIS "PRECARIOUS". MY PARTNER AND I CAME TO THE UNIVERSITY TO FIND A GRAVE ROBBER.

THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION. YOU SURVIVED. BADLY BURNED AND WOUNDED. WE PULLED YOU OUT HERE. TO HELP YOU--

GOD FORGIVE ME! MY CLOTHING... I AM NOT TO BE SEEN LIKE THIS!

YOU CAN NOT GO YET. I THINK YOU ARE HEALING YOURSELF, BUT IT IS GOING TOO SLOWLY. WE WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU UNTIL YOU ARE WELL.

AND I WILL COVER YOU, I PROMISE...

I...I PUT A BLANKET ON YOU.

HAVE TO GO-- *Uuaauuughh!*

NYU CAMPUS, NEW YORK CITY

HEY! QUIT PLAYING *TAILGATE DOCTOR* AND LET'S ROLL! *CHOP CHOP!*

SHE WOKE UP, *CASSIE*. I WAS TRYING TO CALM HER DOWN.

GOOD JOB. I MANAGED TO GET SOME PRETTY CHOICE *LEADS*, BUT THE COPS AND FIRE DEPARTMENT SHOWED UP...

...SO UNLESS YOU CAN *CALM DOWN* A FUCKING *S.W.A.T.* TEAM, WE NEED TO HIT THE ROAD *RIGHT NOW*.

WEST

INTERSTATE 80

OKAY, WE KNOW *SOMEONE* IN THAT SCIENCE BUILDING WAS DIGGING UP SOME OF OUR *DEAD SLASHERS* AND *KILLING* PEOPLE FOR FINDING OUT ABOUT IT.

WE'RE ON THE SCENE FOR *TEN MINUTES* WHEN ONE OF THE LABS JUST FUCKING *EXPLODES*. THAT'S NO COINCIDENCE.

THE LAB BELONGED TO A PROFESSOR *PIOTR RUSEA*. HE HAD A SEPARATE OFFICE UPSTAIRS, SO I WENT DIGGING IN HIS PRIVATE FILES.

THIS IS OUR GUY. HE'S BEEN SHIPPING VERY LARGE, EXPENSIVE ITEMS TO AN ADDRESS IN *DETROIT* FOR THE LAST YEAR OR SO.

EVERY ITEM HAS ITS OWN SET OF SPECIAL INSTRUCTIONS, TOO. "LIVE SPECIMEN"... "TEMPERATURE CONTROL"... "VACUUM SEALED CONTAINER".

I MEAN *SERIOUSLY*.

I AM WORRIED ABOUT THE GIRL. ABOUT EVA.

HER WOUNDS WERE TERRIBLE, BUT HER BODY SEEMS TO BE *FIXING* ITSELF. THAT IS GOOD, BUT...

YEAH, THAT *IS* GOOD.

...SHE WAS ANGRY AND CONFUSED. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE HAS HEALED? I DID NOT DO A GOOD JOB OF CALMING HER DOWN.

YEAH, SHE'S GONNA BE *SERIOUSLY* PISSED OFF WHEN SHE WAKES UP IN THE BACK OF A *HEARSE*, ROLLING AROUND NAKED WITH ALL OUR CLOTHES AND SUPPLIES.

AND *WEAPONS.*

AND *WEAPONS.*

PULL OVER, VLAD.

VLAAAAAAAD!

WHUMP

I'VE GOT HER! PULL OVER!

MMMGH!

BRAKES.

EVA, CALM DOWN. WE CAN HELP YOU!

LIAR! YOU'RE A SERVANT OF *PRAETORIOUS!* NOW TELL ME WHERE HE'S KEEPING MICHAEL!

I'M GONNA SAY THIS *ONE TIME*, LADY: WE. *DO. NOT.* KNOW. WHAT. YOU'RE. TALKING. ABOUT.

...BUT I THINK WE MAY BE *LOOKING* FOR THE *SAME ASSHOLE*, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKING. CAN WE DISCUSS THIS WITH *CLOTHES ON* AND *NO KNIVES?*

SO BE IT.

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

12:15 PM

FATHER? MADE THIS?

NO, NO. HE IS A ***MARVELOUS*** CREATION, BUT I CANNOT CLAIM HIM.

KEEP THAT CARRIER ***STEADY*** ONCE THE ELEVATOR STARTS MOVING. IT TENDS TO JOLT A LITTLE BIT.

DOCTOR PRAETORIOUS DIDN'T GO TO THE TROUBLE OF CAPTURING THAT MONSTER JUST TO HAVE HIM DAMAGED ON ARRIVAL.

TRUE ENOUGH, ***EMIL***. ANA AND I WILL SEE YOU AT THE MAIN SITE ***SOON***, I TRUST?

YES, DOCTOR. SHALL I STERILIZE THIS LOCATION?

NOT JUST ***YET***. LET'S KEEP OUR OPTIONS OPEN.

3:15 P.M.

IF OUR RAT WAS EVER HERE, HE'S SCURRIED OFF BY *NOW*.

WE SHOULD DEFINITELY CHECK THE PLACE OUT FROM TOP TO BOTTOM, BUT I'M NOT OPTIMISTIC.

IF YOU TWO HAVE ANY BRIGHT IDEAS, NOW WOULD BE THE TIME TO SOUND OFF.

I HAVE A KIND OF... *SPECIAL SIGHT.*

I CAN SENSE THE *DARKNESS* THAT HIDES WITHIN A SOUL. SOMETIMES WHEN A BEING BEARS THE MARK OF *PURE EVIL*, THEY EMIT A *UNIQUELY* FOUL SPIRITUAL SIGNATURE.

PRAETORIOUS WAS *HERE*. PERHAPS I SHOULD BE *THANKFUL* I DIDN'T HAVE TO FACE HIM WEARING THESE...*HARLOT SCARVES!*

YOU WANTED CLOTHES, I GAVE YOU CLOTHES. I'M SORRY YOU THINK I DRESS LIKE A *SLUT*, EVA, BUT THIS IS THE *21ST CENTURY!* WOMEN DON'T RUN AROUND WITH A *GOD-LOCK* ON THEIR *CROTCHES!*

A WHORE'S *MOUTH* TO MATCH A WHORE'S *HEART*--

--YOU'RE ABOUT TO TAKE A WHORE'S *BOOT* TO THE *HEAD*, SISTER MARY STICK-IN-YOUR-ASS.

HRRN. STOP. NOW.

CHECK IT OUT, YO! I THINK I SEE A COUPLE OF *TRICKS* LOOKIN' FOR A *TREAT.*

HEY, WHY DON'T YOU BABIES LOSE THAT FREAKY *MISTER POTATO HEAD* AND LET US SHOW YOU HOW THE *LONE WOLVES* DO IT, HUH?

MR. POTATO WILL RIP YOUR *ARMS OFF* AND SEND YOU HOME TO *MOTHER*, YES?

HANG ON. YOU'RE THE *LONE WOLVES?* YOU DO KNOW THAT *"LONE"* MEANS *"NOT IN A GROUP"*, RIGHT? ARE YOU ONE OF THOSE *SHORT BUS* GANGS?

OH, SHIT. YOU *DIDN'T* JUST GO THERE. *TWO THINGS*, CHICA:

YOU DON'T FRONT ON OUR *NAME*, AND YOU DON'T MAKE RUDE JOKES ABOUT PEOPLE WITH *SPECIAL NEEDS*. FOR REAL.

THAT'S KIND OF A STRANGE POINT TO GET ALL HUFFY ABOUT, BUT...*OH.* I SEE.

WHAT'S UP WITH THE CAMERA, *STEVEN SPECIAL-BERG?*

I LIKE TO MAKE WEREWOLF MOVIES.

AW, *WENDELL.* WE TOLD YOU TO KEEP THAT SHIT QUIET!

GO PLAY IN *TRAFFIC*, PUPPY CHOW. WE'VE GOT GROWN-UP STUFF TO DO.

YOUR FRIEND WAS RIGHT. YOU GOT A *WHORE'S MOUTH*. TALKIN' THAT KINDA MESS GONNA GET YOU *HURT*.

YO, SHOW THESE BITCHES HOW WE TREAT...UH... *BITCHES*.

WE ARE STILL GOING TO INVESTIGATE, YES? I SHOULD GET THE TOOLBOX?

JEEZ, I ALMOST FORGOT.

HEY! TURN AROUND AND SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

I HAVE NO MORE PATIENCE FOR THIS--

UUAAAOOOOO

QUIET ON THE SET!

WENDELL, PLEASE. BE COOL, MAN.

SORRY, MIGUEL.

AAANNNND... ACTION!

GGRRRAAAAAAGGGH

EVA! CASSIE!

WELL MET.

YOU'VE DONE THIS BEFORE, RIGHT?

I WAS KILLING WEREWOLVES *BEFORE* YOU WERE *BORN*. *FIVE CENTURIES* BEFORE YOU WERE BORN, IN FACT. SO, YES...I'VE "GOT THIS".

RROAAAUGGH

SHRUK

WHUUH--

EEEKYAAAAH
GETOFFGET OFFLETGO

CASSANDRA! I AM COMING!

GRR

NNNGGGH

FILTHY HELLHOUND!

SHREEEENK

MMEEUUNF

SHUNK SHUNK

JESUS GET IT OFF ME IT HURTS IT HUUURRTS

Hunnh Hunnnh Hunnh

THEIR LEADER... WHERE IS HE?

AAIIOOOOOOAAAAH

AIOONH!

AOOORNH!

Y'KNOW, I KINDA *REGRET* MAKING FUN OF THEIR GANG NAME NOW.

LET THEM COME. *TWO* OR *TWO HUNDRED*, IT DOESN'T MATTER.

I AM SORRY I DID NOT *PROTECT* YOU.

BOTH OF YOU.

KILL THE FREAK. MAKE THE WOMEN BLEED AND WEEP, BUT LEAVE THEM ALIVE.

I WANT TO PLAY WITH THEM BEFORE THEY DIE.

DO YOU HEAR THAT?

YEAH. SOUNDS LIKE *THUNDER.*

AW, HELL NO.

I KNEW THIS WAS GONNA HAPPEN. I KNEW IT--

WENDELL, GET DOWUUAAGH-

BRAAAAP

BRAPP

BRAPP

BRAAAAP

BRAPP

BRAPP

BRAPP

BRAAAAP

THAT IS *NOT* THUNDER.

BRAPP

BRAPP

AAAWWOOOOOOOOOO

BRAAAAP BRAAAAP

RUN, YOU LITTLE BASTARDS! RUN AND HIDE!

BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAAAAP BRAPP

BRRUUUMMMMM

I DON'T FEEL SO Goooooood--

YOU HAVE LOST MUCH BLOOD. REST NOW.

EVA? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

STUPID **CAMERA**. STUPID **GHOSTS**. HAVE TO FINISH THE MOVIE. HAVE TO FINISH IT.

GONNA NEED A SCREWDRIVER--

AIIEEEE!

WOLF OR **NOT**, YOU RUN WITH THEM BY CHOICE. THEIR **SINS** ARE YOURS, AND THEIR **PUNISHMENT** AS WELL.

NO!

SPRANG

YOU CANNOT KILL THIS BOY! HE DOES NOT UNDERSTAND. HE CAN NOT UNDERSTAND!

Eeiiiuuuh. Eeuh. Eeuh.

I DIDN'T REALIZE. MERCIFUL GOD, YOU...THANK YOU FOR STEPPING IN.

THANK YOU FOR NOT STABBING ME.

THEY'RE COMING BACK.

GHOSTS. THEY'RE THE GHOSTS.

THESE ARE NOT GHOSTS. THEY ARE VERY REAL.

NAAH, THE KID'S GOT IT RIGHT. WE ARE THE GHOSTS. I MEAN, WE'RE TOTALLY REAL AND NOT DEAD OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT, BUT...

...SORRY, I'M BABBLING. POST-WEREWOLF-CHASE ADRENALINE RUSH. MY NAME'S EUGENE. YOU GUYS HAVE A FEW MINUTES TO TALK?

"SORRY, BUT I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS WHOLE 'GHOST' THING."

GHOSTS OF OLD DETROIT. WE'RE KIND OF A PRIVATE SECURITY COMPANY.

ACTUALLY, "COMPANY" IMPLIES THAT WE GET PAID, OR HAVE ACTUAL RESOURCES. PRIVATE ARMY, MAYBE? CAN FIVE PEOPLE BE AN ARMY?

GOOD WORK, NORD. NOW EVEN I'M CONFUSED.

I'M CALLED SHEPHERD. THIS IS MY BROTHER J.R., AND THAT'S COEY. YOU MET EUGENE ALREADY.

YOU'RE IN A PARTICULARLY HORRIBLE AREA OF DETROIT THAT THE LOCALS CALL SHADOWTOWN. I GUESS YOU COULD CONSIDER US THE VOLUNTEER POLICE DEPARTMENT.

HONESTLY, THE REGULAR COPS AREN'T WILLING OR ABLE TO DEAL WITH THE WEIRD SHIT WE'VE GOT KICKIN' AROUND DOWN HERE.

THE REASONS THAT BROUGHT US HERE MIGHT ACTUALLY TOP THE WEIRD SHIT LIST--

--AND YES, I REALIZE I'M TALKING TO PEOPLE WHO FIGHT WEREWOLF STREET GANGS--

--SO IF YOU KNOW WHERE THE MAD SCIENTISTS HANG OUT, WE'D LOVE TO HEAR ABOUT IT.

THIS MAD SCIENTIST OF YOURS...DOES HE HAPPEN TO MAKE PEOPLE OUT OF CLAY?

YES! YES!

"WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE'S HOLED UP, BUT WE KNOW HIS **WORK**. CAN'T EVEN TELL YOU HOW MUCH WE'D LIKE TO RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN."

CONSIDER THIS A MUSEUM OF SORTS.

A CATALOG OF--A *TRIBUTE TO*--MAN'S *INHUMANITY* TO MAN.

GENETICALLY ALTERED MONSTROSITIES. TORTURE IMPLEMENTS. TRADEMARK WEAPONRY.

WE'RE EVEN FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE SOME *SPECIAL GUESTS* IN OUR COLLECTION.

THESE THINGS ARE NECESSARY FOR THE *EDUCATION* OF THE PEOPLE. THEY MUST BE *SEEN* AND *EXPERIENCED*.

YOU *SEE* ANYTHING DOWN THERE?

COEY? EUGENE? DO YOU COPY?

SHEPHERD, YOU ARE NEVER GOING TO *BELIEVE* THIS ONE. I THINK YOU ALL NEED TO HEAD DOWN HERE AND CHECK IT OUT FOR *YOURSELVES.*

YOU HEARD THE LADY. IT'S *GO-TIME.*

GO-TIME? WHAT HAPPENS NOW?

NOW *YOU* HAVE TO GO *HOME,* WENDELL. YOU'VE BEEN A BIG HELP TODAY, BUT I WANT YOU TO *PROMISE* ME YOU'LL GO HOME AND STAY THERE UNTIL YOU HEAR FROM US, OKAY?

YEAH. *OKAY.* I GUESS.

ONE MORE THING: LADIES, I JUST *CAN'T* GO MARCHING INTO A HOT-ZONE WITH YOU TWO LOOKING LIKE THE *PUSSYCAT DOLLS*...NO OFFENSE.

I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO PUT ON SOME *PROPER GEAR.*

FOR ALL HIS FAULTS, ***VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN*** WAS A ***GENIUS***. YOUR CREATOR DESERVES ONLY THE HIGHEST OF PRAISE.

YOU HAVE A STRANGE WAY OF SHOWING ***RESPECT*** FOR HIS ***WORK***. WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO WITH ME?

I'M GOING TO HELP YOU REACH YOUR ***FULL POTENTIAL***, MICHAEL. JUST AS VICTOR INTENDED.

YOU CARRY A ***SECRET*** WITHIN YOUR CONSTRUCTION.

IT IS A ***HIDDEN FUNCTION*** THAT WILL ALLOW ME TO CREATE ***NEW LIFE*** OUT OF THE DEAD MATERIAL OF MANKIND'S ***FAILURE***.

I'M BEING RUDE. I HAVEN'T EVEN INTRODUCED YOU TO MY ***COLLABORATOR*** IN THIS GRAND UNDERTAKING. ANA, IF YOU WOULD...?

THIS MAY BE *CONFUSING* AT FIRST, BUT I PROMISE I'LL EXPLAIN EVERYTHING. MICHAEL, PLEASE SAY HELLO TO YOUR OTHER CREATOR...

...MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT.

MONSTER'S BALL PART 3

HACK/SLASH / EVA #3A by TIM SEELEY

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

HRNNN. EVEN THE *UNDERSIDE* OF YOUR CITY IS UGLY.

YEAH, WELL... IT AIN'T MUCH TO *LOOK AT*, BUT IT'S HOME.

GHOST SCOUT TO *GHOST LEADER*. YOU THERE, JR?

GHOST LEADER COPIES. GO AHEAD, *COEY*.

LOOKS LIKE OUR BAD GUYS WERE HEADED TO A CONNECTING STATION UNDER THE *ARGENT THEATER*. EUGENE IS SENDING A PICTURE.

USE ONLY

ARGENT THEATER STATION

UNDER CONSTRUCTION

GOT IT. YOU SURE THAT'S THEIR DESTINATION?

IT'S THE ONLY VIABLE PLACE THEY COULD GO, IF THIS **ROUTE MAP'S** WORTH A DAMN. THEY **CANCELED** THE SUBWAY PROJECT PRETTY EARLY ON, SO OPTIONS ARE LIMITED.

PROBABLY BEST IF **EUGE** AND I KEEP DOING RECON **ON FOOT**. THEY MIGHT HAVE A SECRET TUNNEL OR SOME **OTHER** WACKY BULLSHIT LIKE THAT.

COPY THAT, BUT HOLD YOUR POSITION FOR A MINUTE WHILE WE POW-WOW.

WHAT'S THIS OVER HERE?

HMM?

FAR MORE EFFECTIVE THAN DOING RECON ON FOOT, WOULDN'T YOU SAY?

HELL *YES* I'D SAY.

NORD, JR. HAVE OUR ANGRY YOUNG WOMEN FINISHED THEIR **COSTUME CHANGE** YET?

BEING A *GENTLEMAN*, I CAN'T GIVE YOU AN *EYES-ON* CONFIRMATION. LET ME ASK.

EXCUSE ME, LADIES...?

TELL 'EM WE'RE ALL *DRESSED UP* AND READY TO CLOSE THIS FUCKING PARTY *DOWN*.

PERMISSION TO SPEAK *FREELY*, GHOST LEADER?

WHAT? GO AHEAD, NORD.

CASSIE AND *EVA* ARE READY TO ROLL...

...AND THEY ARE LOOKING PRETTY GODDAMN STELLAR FROM WHERE I'M STANDING.

...UH, COPY THAT.

AW, SHIT. YOU SEE THAT?

NAH, I DON'T KNOW 'EM. WHO IT IS?

THE *GHOSTS* OF *OLD* MOTHERFUCKIN' *DETROIT*, MAN. IF THEY DOWN HERE...

...THEN SHIT'S ABOUT TO GET *REAL*. I MEAN *REAL* REAL.

UH-OH.

WHAT?

THAT.

OH. YEAH. TIME TO GO.

THE ARGENT THEATER

MY SCIENTIFIC CURIOSITY--MY HUNGER FOR KNOWLEDGE--HAS ALWAYS BEEN ***INSATIABLE***, BUT THERE WERE ***SOME*** CONCEPTS THAT EVEN I NEVER THOUGHT TO QUESTION.

THE NATURE OF ***REALITY*** WAS SOMETHING I ACCEPTED AT ***FACE VALUE***. MORE ***EXISTENTIAL*** SCIENTISTS WERE PROBING THE MYSTERY, BUT I COULDN'T BE BOTHERED...

...UNTIL I MET ***MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT***. HER ***BEAUTIFUL PSYCHE*** REACHED ACROSS MULTIPLE DIMENSIONS AND ***HELD*** ME IN ITS THRALL. SHE OPENED ***MY*** MIND WITH HER ***OWN***.

ENOUGH ***STORYTELLING***, PRAETORIOUS! MAKE YOUR INTENTIONS KNOWN--

RRNNNGH!

A RIPPLE IN THE FABRIC. A FAMILIAR HAND TUGGING AT THE CURTAIN.

CASSANDRA, THE DESPISED. SHE IS COMING. SHE IS NOT ALONE. HER PROTECTOR WALKS WITH HER, SIDE BY SIDE WITH THE DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON AND A SPIRIT BROTHERHOOD.

THEY SEEK A SHAPING OF REALITY THROUGH VIOLENT ACTIONS.

CASSANDRA MUST NOT BE PERMITTED TO HARM ME AGAIN, PRAETORIOUS. YOU GAVE YOUR WORD.

I DID *INDEED*, BUT YOU HAD A SPECIFIC *FATE* IN MIND FOR *HACK* AND HER MONSTROUS *MAJORDOMO*. *HOW* WOULD YOU HAVE ME *DEAL* WITH THIS PROBLEM?

THIN THE RANKS AROUND THEM, DOCTOR. MAKE THEIR ALLIES YOUR VICTIMS...

...BUT CASSIE AND VLAD MUST BE LEFT AT DEATH'S DOOR AND TAKEN NO FURTHER. THEY ARE MINE TO FINISH.

SO BE IT. YOU HEARD HER WISH, EMIL. NOW...

...UNLEASH THE *MENAGERIE!*

GHOSTS ABOVE, THIS IS NORD. I'M IN POSITION, AND IT LOOKS ALL-CLEAR FROM HERE.

COPY THAT. WE'RE READY TO MOVE, IF YOU'RE READY TO COVER OUR ASSES.

LOCKED AND LOADED, BOSS. GHOSTS BELOW, WHAT'S YOUR SITUATION?

STILL ROLLIN' ALONG. NO SIGN OF TROUBLE DOWN HERE... YET.

WAIT.

I CAN FEEL SOMETHING WET AND OLD.

THAT'S PROBABLY COEY'S--

--I WILL CUT YOUR WANG OFF, SHORT ROUND--

--AHEM. PLEASE CONTINUE, EVA.

THERE! THE LIGHT...!

WET, HUH? I DO HEAR WATER--

--AW, MAN! YOU SMELL THAT? LIKE THE SHIT THAT SHIT WOULD SHIT!

YOUSEETHAT?!

SPANG

BRAK AKA KAK

SHEPHERD! NORD! EVERYBODY! WE'VE GOT TROUBLE NOW!

JESUS, WHAT'S HAPPENING DOWN THERE?!

MONSTERS. HRRRN. **MONSTERS** ARE HAPPENING.

WE COULDN'T ***GET*** TO THEM IN TIME TO HELP IF WE ***WANTED*** TO. WE HAVE TO MOVE ON THE THEATER...

...NOW!

COME ONE, COME ALL! BASK IN THE GLORIOUS ***SPECTACLE!***

THE ACCOUNT OF THIS DAY WILL BE ***TRANSCRIBED*** IN THE INK OF YOUR BLOO--

WHUPRRRRGH

KRAK

Spuk

NICE SHOT, NORD. QUALITY WORK.

THANKS. I COULD'VE LET YOU ALL HANG FOR ANOTHER HALF-A-MINUTE, BUT I THINK NICK-OF-TIME RESCUES ARE A HUGE LOAD OF HORSESHIT, Y'KNOW?

LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED FOR MORE... UH...NAKED ASSHOLES.

FOUND ONE!

URK. Shrkurrrhuuk. MMNNNGHAAH.

IT'S SHOWTIME!

shhhrrrrrr ..... uuuuukkikikik

YOU...YOU INTERRUPTED ME. I SHOULD--I SHOULD START AG-AGAIN. BUT I C-CAN'T-- LET ME JUST--JUST SA-SA-SAY THISSSS.

ALL THIS CRAZY SHIT GOING ON, AND I STILL CAN'T STOP LOOKING AT HIS DICK.

I KNOW. GOD HELP ME, I KNOW.

UUUEEHEEHEHEE

UURRK

UUHUEEHEEEEE

AAAAAAAAAH

SKRRIIIPPPP

SSPRIIIKKK

UUUUUUUK

AAAUGH! RELEASE! YOU ARE FREE!

SHKREEEEEE

From the journals of
Victor Frankenstein:

We are, all of us, monsters in one fashion or another. We deceive, we betray, we harm, we kill.

We wage war against our neighbors for selfish reasons that even we cannot recall, for they are ancient prejudices from lost generations.

We justify the most brutal of actions by ascribing to them the necessity of survival.

Life, when pressed or threatened, inevitably discovers a new path to perpetuity. Am I a monster, then, for seeking a new path to creation?

Or am I guided now as an instrument, unwittingly serving life's quest to endure?

Let the others make war, and leave death in their wake. My mission is the antithesis of theirs, and I am pleased by it.

REGROUP BACK AT THE RENDEZVOUS POINT--

GrrgyaaaYYYaaah

NO!

JR, TRY TO HOLD STILL! I'VE ALMOST GOT THE LITTLE FUCKER--

Nnn ffffucking teethjesus ithurts

OFF! GET OFF HIM! LET GO!

EEEA YYYAAAAH

GODDAMN IT, TOM. FOCUS. FOCUS. YOU CAN DO THIS...

HURRRR NNNNNNGG GGGH

CHU-SHLUUK

JOEY! JESUS CHRIST, JOEY, I'M COMING--

BAD ENOUGH WE JUST WRESTLED ***ALLIGATOR DUDES*** THAT RAN UP ON US FROM A SEWER TUNNEL...

...BUT THEY SCREWED US OUT OF OUR ***GETAWAY CAR***. I HOPE WE DON'T NEED TO HAUL ASS OUT OF HERE AT A HIGH RATE OF SPEED, GIRLS.

IF YOU CAN RUN YOUR ***FEET*** LIKE YOU RUN YOUR ***MOUTH***, YOU'LL BE OUTTA HERE LIKE ***FLOJO***.

NRRK RRRMM

I'VE FOUGHT THEIR KIND BEFORE. THEY FALL, BUT NOT WITHOUT CONSIDERABLE EFFORT.

WE CANNOT ***AFFORD*** ANY MORE DELAYS. MICHAEL ***NEEDS*** ME.

GO FIND YOUR ***FRIEND***. WE'LL HANDLE THIS.

BRAKAKA KAK

VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN WAS NO ***FOOL***, MICHAEL. HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT HE WAS DOING WHEN HE CHOSE TO CONCEAL HIS GREATEST ***SECRET WITHIN*** HIS GREATEST ***CREATION***.

A FOOL WOULD HAVE BURIED IT ***DEEP***, BUT VICTOR ***KNEW*** THAT SOMEONE MIGHT COME ***LOOKING*** ONE DAY. CUT TOO ZEALOUSLY, AND YOU ***DAMAGE*** THE PRIZE...

...BECAUSE IT'S ***JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE***.

THE RETRACTOR, ***ANA***.

THERE IT IS. WITH *MY OWN EYES*, I SEE IT...

...AND WITH *MY OWN TWO HANDS*, I TAKE *POSSESSION* OF IT. OH, I HAVE WAITED SO MANY *LIFETIMES* FOR THIS MOMENT.

thk thk

THE DARK ONE. THE DARK DAUGHTER. SHE IS DRAWING EVER CLOSER, DOCTOR... SHE IS...

SHE IS *HERE*...

...AND SHE HAS COME TO *END* YOU!

ANA!

THY WILL BE DONE, DOCTOR.

SKRIISHAAK

WHAT MANNER OF HELLBRIDE ARE YOU?!

HELL IS A SUPERSTITIOUS **CONSEQUENCE** FROM A LONG-DEAD AGE; **FICTION** TO KEEP THE **FLOCK** FROM JUMPING THE FENCE.

NNNGGH!

BRAK AKA KAK

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE, BUT YOU NEED TO DROP THAT GIRL AND BACK UP. YOU WANNA DO THAT RIGHT THE HELL NOW, TOO.

WHAT IS THIS?

LEAVE THEM, MARY!

BAH!

THEY'VE ALREADY TAKEN ANA FROM US. WE CAN'T LET THEM IMPEDE OUR PLANS NOW!

COME WITH ME. I'LL SHOW YOU.

I HAVE TO *GO* TO HIM. I HAVE TO *KNOW*--

WHAT ABOUT THE FREAKS WHO WERE HOLDING HIM CAPTIVE?

WE JUST LETTING THEM *SKATE OUT* OF HERE?!

YO, *GHOSTS!* WHAT'S YOUR *TWENTY?* WE'VE GOT TWO *BIG BADS* TRYING TO SNEAK OUT THE *BACK*.

SPAK

LET 'EM GO. WE HAVE BIGGER PROBLEMS.

EVA.

WHAT DID THEY *DO* TO YOU? WHAT DID THAT DEVIL SUBJECT YOU TO, MICHAEL?!

SHEPHERD? WHERE IS EVERYBODY...?

OH, *GOD.* IT'S *BAD*, ISN'T IT?

TRINITY
MEDICAL CL

CAREFUL. MOVE HIM SLOWLY.

I'M SURE WE CAN FIGURE OUT A WAY TO *HELP* HIM, EVA.

HE WILL ENDURE, IF GOD *WILLS* IT. WE MUST *BELIEVE*.

UH, SURE. *OKAY.*

HEADS UP, PEOPLE. WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

Police

Detroit Police

WHAT WAS *THAT*, EXACTLY?

THE *COPS* JUST DRIVE BY AND MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT THINGS HANDLED *WITHOUT* THEM?

WE CAME TO AN *UNDERSTANDING* WITH THE DETROIT POLICE DEPARTMENT A LONG TIME AGO. THEY HANDLE THE NORMAL NASTINESS HERE IN *SHADOWTOWN*...

...AND WE TAKE CARE OF THE *TRULY HORRIBLE SHIT* THAT THEY'RE NOT *CAPABLE* OF WRAPPING THEIR HEADS AROUND.

LISTEN TO YOURSELF, WOMAN! HOW CAN YOUR CONSCIENCE ALLOW SUCH *MADNESS* TO SPILL FROM YOUR LIPS?!

YOU FIGHT TO SAFEGUARD A CITY OF *WASTE* AND *SINFUL DESPAIR*, SURROUNDED BY GODLESS HEATHENS AND MORALLY BEREFT LAYABOUTS! YOUR *PRIESTS* ARE *CHARLATANS* AND YOUR *CONSTABLES* ARE *COWARDS*--

SHOCK

MY *MOTHER* WAS A *MINISTER* AND MY *FATHER* WAS A *COP*. A PRIEST AND A *CONSTABLE*, AS YOU SAY. THEY BOTH *DIED* DOING EVERYTHING THEY COULD TO FIX THIS CITY.

I APPRECIATE YOUR *FAITH* AND I RESPECT YOUR *FIRE*...

...BUT THIS IS *OUR* WORLD, AND WE'RE DOING EVERYTHING *WE* CAN TO KEEP IT FROM BURNING DOWN TO THE GROUND.

I *HOPE* WE CAN ALL BE *BETTER PEOPLE* SOMEDAY. I *PRAY* EVERY NIGHT THAT WE CAN *TURN* THIS *AROUND*. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE JUST HOLDING THE LINE.

YOU RISKED *EVERYTHING* TO RESCUE YOUR FRIEND. WE *BOTH* KNOW THAT MOST PEOPLE LOOK AT HIM AND SEE A *MONSTER* WHO'S *NOT WORTH* SAVING, BUT YOU KNOW *DIFFERENT*, DON'T YOU?

YES.

NOW YOU KNOW HOW *WE* FEEL ABOUT *DETROIT*.

ARE YOU IN PAIN?

NOT MUCH.

YOUR FRIEND **THOMAS** IS A VERY CAPABLE CAREGIVER.

THANKS, MICHAEL. I'M TRYING.

THERE'S SOMETHING YOU NEED TO **KNOW**, EVA. **VICTOR**--MY **FATHER**--ENTRUSTED ME WITH A **SECRET** THAT I NEVER THOUGHT ANYONE WOULD DISCOVER.

FATHER PLACED SOMETHING WITHIN MY WORKINGS: AN **INCANTATION** THAT WILL UNLOCK THE **TRUE POWER** OF THE **PHILOSOPHER'S STONE**. PRAETORIOUS HAS **BOTH** IN HIS POSSESSION NOW.

MICHAEL SAYS THE WRITING ON THAT RING IS A **COUNTER-INCANTATION**. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN PLACED IT THERE AS A FINAL **DEFENSE** AGAINST THE STONE. TROUBLE IS, WE CAN'T **READ** IT WITHOUT **REMOVING** IT.

IT'S THE ONLY WAY.

I'VE MANAGED TO RESTORE MICHAEL'S ORGAN AND ELECTRICAL IMPULSE FUNCTIONS, BUT THERE'S ONE MORE PROCEDURE I NEED TO PERFORM BEFORE I CAN SEW HIM BACK UP.

YOU SEE THIS **METAL RING** AROUND HIS **HEART?** THE ONE WITH THE **STRANGE WRITING** STAMPED INTO IT?

IF YOU REMOVE IT... WHAT HAPPENS TO **MICHAEL?**

...AND WE WILL USE THAT POWER TO RESHAPE THIS WASTED REALITY INTO A KINGDOM WORTHY OF ITS NEW RULERS.

OUR TIME HAS COME, MY QUEEN.

I FEEL IT, DOCTOR. THE STONE PULSES WITH VIBRANT LIFE AND RAW POWER...

OF COURSE THEY DON'T. THEY'RE MONSTERS.

"IF WE DON'T STOP PRAETORIOUS AND THAT HATEFUL WOMAN **NOW**, ALL OF GOD'S CHILDREN WILL **SUFFER**."

MONSTER'S BALL PART 4

From the journals of
Victor Frankenstein:

I can endure this damnable wait no longer.

My desire to possess the Philosopher's Stone has cost me valuable. I think perhaps I shall never know the secrets of the stone, and I must make peace with that.

My greatest creation lies before me; his glorious birth requires nothing more than the blessing of a neglectful creator.

"The stone shall be the heart" - I set that goal for myself. Though I failed in the pursuit, I have taken care to ensure that a reversal of fortune will not catch me unprepared.

There will be a place for all things; for every action, a well-devised reaction.

In this moment, however, there is only *life*.

"IT STARTED WITH DEATH. IT ALWAYS STARTS WITH DEATH FOR US, DOESN'T IT?

"THAT REPORTER IN PHILLY GOT HIS FUCKING BRAINS BLOWN OUT BECAUSE HE TRIED TO HELP US. SOMEONE HAD BEEN DIGGING UP SLASHERS THAT WE KILLED... BUT WHO? AND WHY?

"WE FOLLOWED THE TRAIL TO NEW YORK UNIVERSITY; THAT'S WHERE WE MET EVA. SHE NEEDED HELP FINDING HER FRIEND, WHO APPEARED TO HAVE BEEN KIDNAPPED BY THE SAME SON OF A BITCH WHO'D BEEN STEALING THE CORPSES OF OUR ENEMIES.

"NEXT THING YOU KNOW, WE'RE IN SOME SHITHOLE DETROIT SUBURB, FIGHTING WEREWOLVES AND WEIRDOS WITH EVA AND THE LOCAL TRIGGER-HAPPY COWBOY BRIGADE.

"BUT WHAT ABOUT OUR SLASHERS? SERGEANT KRAMER? EMILY CRISTY? LLOYD AND JIMMY? THE WAKING MAN? WE GOT INTO THIS WHOLE SHIT-UATION WITH THE INTENTION OF GETTING SOME ANSWERS ON THAT FRONT...

"...AND SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, WE TOOK OUR EYES OFF THE FUCKING BALL."

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

WHEN DID THIS STOP BEING OUR STORY, VLAD?

WHY DO YOU CARE?

I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE THIS IS BIGGER THAN US. MAYBE FATE HAD OTHER PLANS.

HRRRN. FATE HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT, CASSIE.

OKAY, THEN. THAT'S FINE...

...BUT TAKING FATE OUT OF THE EQUATION JUST REINFORCES THE VERY BAD FEELING I HAVE IN MY GUTS. TRUST ME, THE OTHER SHOE'S GONNA DROP--

--WHAT THE SHIT?

HRRNN. LOOKS LIKE A WHOLE BUNCH OF SHOES ARE DROPPING.

IT'S TAKEN FIVE TIMES THE USUAL AMOUNT OF ANAESTHETIC TO EVEN MAKE YOU BLEARY-EYED, MICHAEL.

I'LL DO MY BEST TO MAKE THIS AS PAINLESS AS POSSIBLE.

IT'S TIME. I'LL LET YOU KNOW WHEN YOU CAN COME BACK IN.

I WON'T PRETEND I UNDERSTAND THE FIRST THING ABOUT THE WORK THAT'S GOING TO HAPPEN IN THAT ROOM, EVA...

...BUT I DO KNOW THAT TOM NORD IS A GREAT DOCTOR. YOUR FRIEND IS IN GOOD HANDS, AND I'M SURE HE'LL MAKE IT THROUGH THIS JUST FINE.

THANK YOU FOR THE REASSURANCE, SHEPHERD...

...BUT YOUR DOCTOR IS HELPING MICHAEL MAKE A SACRIFICE, NOT A RECOVERY.

WHAT? I'M SORRY... I HAD NO IDEA.

MOVE IT! *HRRRNNN!* SHITHEAD PARADE COMING OUR WAY!

YOU'RE TELLIN' ME--

MONSTERS AND UNDEAD SLASHERS INCOMING. THEY'RE MARCHING RIGHT UP TO THE FRONT DOOR.

COEY! EUGENE! MEET US IN THE LOBBY ASAP!

WHAT ABOUT MICHAEL? HE'S IN SURGERY--

WE'LL ALL BE IN SURGERY IF WE LOSE THIS FIGHT. COME ON.

COEY! SITREP.

I COUNT FOUR UNIQUE FREAKS AND ABOUT TWO DOZEN OF THOSE CRAZY-ASS PLAY-DOH PEOPLE.

IS IT WEIRD THAT I'M NOT EVEN FAZED BY THIS CRAP ANYMORE? HELL, WE RESCUED THE FRANKENSTEIN DUDE FROM A WOMAN WITH A STITCHED-UP FACE AND TENTACLES--

--WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?!

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US ABOUT THE WOMAN, YOU DUMB MOTHERFUCKER?!

I'M SORRY, OKAY? I THOUGHT WE TOLD EVERYONE! WHO IS SHE, ANYWAY?

TELL THEM WHO I AM, CASSANDRA! TELL YOUR FRIENDS ALL ABOUT THE DAY YOU KILLED MARY SHELLEY LOVECRAFT!

TOO MANY REALITIES PASSING INTO MY VIEW AT ONCE;

MY CONNECTION WITH THE GIRL AND HER LOPING MANSERVANT HAS BEEN SEVERED.

IT'S NO MATTER. WE HAVE THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE, AND THE INCANTATION THAT UNLOCKS ITS TRUE POWER. VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN WAS A FOOL TO THINK THAT HE COULD HIDE IT FOREVER.

HIS INTELLECT WAS NO MATCH FOR OUR COMBINED WISDOM, MY DARLING.

NEITHER SHALL THE WORLD BE, PRAETORIOUS.

THAT IS WHY I REACHED OUT ACROSS THE VAST CANYONS OF THOUGHT-REALITY TO JOIN OUR MINDS AND BODIES TOGETHER UPON THE SAME PLANE.

STAND WITH ME NOW, IN THE HOUR OF OUR KINGDOM COME.

BASTARDS! THEY'RE FIRING ON US!

BRAKA

SCURRY LIKE RATS IF YOU WANT...

AKA

AKA

AKA

...BUT I'M NOT SO EASILY SCARED.

SKRASH

HURRRRRNNN!

TIME TO DIE AGAIN.

TAKE HIM DOWN! DOUBLE-TIME, YOU MAGGOTS!

SHUUUK

HOLD YOUR FIRE. WAIT FOR A CLEAR SHOT.

SURPRISED TO SEE ME, WHORE?
GOD, I WISH--
AARRUUUGH!
WE HAVE NO TIME TO SPARE FOR MERCY. YOU'VE BEEN WARNED.
OOOH, SCARY.
EVA, WATCH OUT-- OOF!-- FOR THE LITTLE FUCKER IN HIS CHEST!
RRRGRGGGH
TOO LATE!
DISGUSTING LITTLE CRETIN--
BLAM
SHPLUUUK

I'M IN YOUR DEBT, SHEPHERD.

NO SENSE IN TALLYING IT UP YET, EVA. KEEP FIGHTING.

JIMMY! WHAT DID YOU TO DO HIM?!

JIIIMMMMYY!

JOIN HIM.

KSHOKKRRRK

HURRNGGH! KILL! YOU! ALL!

DON'T YOU WANT ME TO TOUCH YOU, CASSIE?

I BET YOU'D LOVE THE FEELING OF MY HANDS ON YOUR SOFT, SWEET SKIN!

I'D RATHER BE THE ONLY WOMAN IN A PORNO WITH HALF A DOZEN STEREOTYPE MINORITY WEREWOLVES, EMILY...

AND NOT JUST BECAUSE THAT'S SOMETHING I COULD EASILY ARRANGE IN THIS SHITHOLE TOWN.

BRAKAAKAKAAKA

DUCK AND COVER, CASSIE!

MEDICAL CLINIC

"WHILE WE WERE SACRIFICING OUR SANITY TO THE BLOOD AND HEAT OF WAR...

"...MICHAEL TURNED THE TIDE OF BATTLE IN OUR FAVOR, BY SURRENDERING THE MOST PRECIOUS GIFT THAT ANY LIVING CREATURE CAN KNOW. HE HAS LED US TO GLORY, BUT HE WILL NEVER SEE US CLAIM IT."

THE RING WAS A BINDING OF HIS HEART; A SECRET DEFENSE AGAINST THE STONE.

AN INCANTATION OF REVERSAL. HIDDEN WITHIN LIFE, REVEALED ONLY BY DEATH...
...AND WRITTEN IN AN ANCIENT TONGUE, TAUGHT TO ME IN MY YOUTH BY THE MONKS WHO RAISED ME.

LONG STORY SHORT: EVA'S THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN READ THE SECRET CODE. VLAD AND I ARE GOING TO HELP HER PUT AN END TO THIS...

...BUT THE REST OF YOU SHOULD GET THE HELL OUT OF HERE A.S.P.C.A., COMPRENDE?

I THINK I SPEAK FOR EVERYONE WHEN I SAY "FUCK THAT NOISE", COMPRENDE?

YEAH, YOU SPEAK FOR =KOFF= EVERYONE.

WE'RE THE GHOSTS OF OLD DETROIT, CASSIE. THAT'S OUR GIG. WE STAY.

WHAT ARE YOU DOING UP AND AROUND, J.R.? YOU NEED TO REST.

ARE YOU MY =HNNNGH= BROTHER, OR MY MOMMY? I'M FINE. =KOFF= GUESS I WOULDN'T MIND LEANING INSTEAD OF STANDING, THOUGH...

OKAY, LOOKS LIKE WE'RE ALL IN. I'LL EXPLAIN THE SPECIFICS WHILE WE LOAD UP THE RIGS, BUT THE RING ISN'T THE ONLY SECRET WEAPON WE HAVE.

THIS JAGGED SPIKE ONCE SPILLED THE BLOOD OF MY SAVIOR. WHATEVER YOU CHOOSE TO BELIEVE, HAVE FAITH IN MY ACCOUNT: I HAVE SEEN IT BRING AN END TO BEINGS OF THE PUREST EVIL, AND I KNOW IT WILL AGAIN.

THEY'RE COMING, PRAETORIOUS...

"...AND THEY ARE COMING WITH THE SOLE INTENT OF ENDING US."

PRAETORIOUS! LOVECRAFT! LET IT BE KNOWN THAT YOUR LAST MOMENTS ARE UPON YOU! IF YOU BELIEVE YOURSELVES CAPABLE AND WORTHY OF SALVATION, YOU WOULD BE WISE TO TAKE A KNEE AND PRAY NOW!

[illegible]

THE STONE--!

WHAT'S HAPPENING TO IT?!

I...I DON'T KNOW! I'VE NEVER SEEN IT GLOW LIKE THAT BEFORE...

I CAN FEEL THE ENERGY, DOCTOR. IT'S RESONATING THROUGH THE DIMENSIONAL FABRIC...REVERSING EVERYTHING WE'VE DONE..!"

NOT FOR LONG, SWEET MARY.

LOOK AROUND US, YOU OVERBLOWN CHRALATAN! THE CHANGE IS ALREADY HAPPENING, AND SIMPLY REPEATING THE INCANTATION ISN'T GOING TO HAVE ANY EFFECT NOW!

YOUR THINKING IS ONE-DIMENSIONAL. YOU DON'T APPRECIATE THE MULTITUDE OF ASPECTS I CAN DRAW FROM THE NARROW SPACES BETWEEN REALITIES...

AND MERGE INTO THIS DIMENSION, CREATING A PATCHWORK PRESENT THAT CAN BE STITCHED TOGETHER AS A MOSAIC OF FINALITY-- NO!

BWOMWOM WOMWOM WOM

BWOM

THIS CAN'T HAPPEN! IT DOESN'T WORK LIKE THIS!

BWOM

BWOM WOMWOM

IT'S PUNCHING ITS WAY THROUGH A DOZEN DIFFERENT REALITIES AND RETURNING HERE! THE BOUNDARIES ASSUMED BY THE ARCANE MATH LAWS ARE BEING FORCED INTO OBSOLESCENCE, CAN'T YOU SEE IT?!

I CAN'T... I...JUST DON'T MOVE! I'M COMING!

BWOM WOM

BWOM

BWOOOOM

UUUAAGH!

BWAZOM

IT'S CORRECTING YOUR HUMAN CONTINUITY, DOCTOR... ACCELERATING YOU TO YOUR PROPER AGE...

...AND ITS POWER IS GLORIOUS.

ꓘOꓭ ꓷIꓤ ꓵOꓤ ꓷOꓭ ꓷOꓭ

I HAVE SEEN THE END OF THIS REALITY AND THE BEGINNING OF A THOUSAND MORE. I AM NOT CONFINED BY IGNORANCE, AND I WILL NOT BE IMPRISONED BY THE RESTRICTIONS OF THIS REALITY'S PHYSICAL LAWS.

IF I CANNOT ESCAPE WITHOUT...

BAAAA

WHAAAHOM

YES! YES! ALL OF THE ENERGY! ALL OF THE POWER! FEED ME!

FEEEEEED MEEEEEEEE!

KNOCK HRRRRN KNOCK!

THEY'RE IN! THEY'RE IN! PUSH THE BUTTON!

PUSH THE FUCKING BUTTON RIGHT NOW!

YOU WANNA BE FED, YOU SUPER-SIZED SNATCH?!

'CAUSE YOU CAN EAT ME ALL DAY LONG!

KA BOO OOM

KRAKOOOOOM

HNNNNGH!

EEEYYYAAAAAAH

OOF!

WHOOMP

I DREW YOU IN. I MADE YOU FACE THE DEAD AGAIN, MADE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT DEATH IS NOT FINAL...IT'S NEVER FINAL...

YOU WILL NOT KILL ME NOT KILL ME

TECHNICALLY, IT'S "YOU WILL NOT KILL ME AGAIN". DID YOU FORGET THAT WE'VE ALREADY DONE THAT DANCE?

DOESN'T MATTER, REALLY. FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT: WE'RE NOT GOING TO KILL YOU...

...'CAUSE WE FIGURED IT WAS ONLY FAIR TO LET EVA HAVE A TURN.

EEEYYYAAAAAAH!

SKRAAAAK

KSHUUK

NONONO NONONO NOUUUUAAAAH

HUH. ONLY A WOMAN STILL TALKS AFTER GETTING HER HEAD CUT OFF. HEH-HEH-HEH.

HOO-BOY. MAKE SURE AND PUT THAT ONE IN YOUR COMEDY ROUTINE, SEINFELD. FUCKIN' HILARIOUS.

NONONNNNN--

KSHPLUUK

OH, I SEE HOW IT IS. SWEET-MEAT AND I HAVE TO CHUCK ALL THE SHITTY, BLOODY PARTS INTO THE DIMENSIONAL PORTALS WHILE YOU STAND BY WIPING YOUR SPIKE.

YOU THINK THAT'S ROUGH WORK?

I HAD TO REACH ALL THE WAY DOWN TO THE GROUND TO PICK UP THE MAGIC FRISBEE. JESUS, I'M EXHAUSTED...

...AND I JUST KNOW THAT THE ASSHOLES IN THE FUNNY COSTUMES ARE GONNA GET ALL THE CREDIT FOR THIS ONE.

AMBULANCE

"The stone shall be the heart."

sh-chok

IS HE...?

JUST WAIT. LET'S SEE WHAT HAPPENS.

MICHAEL?

MICHAEL, YOU'RE ALL RIGHT. YOU'RE ALIVE..!

MASTER.

WHERE. MASTER?

HE DOES NOT...

EVA, I'M SORRY.

...HE DOES NOT REMEMBER ANYTHING. HE DOES NOT REMEMBER ME. MICHAEL, DO YOU REMEMBER? REMEMBER EVA?

REMEMBER...

...MASTER.

YEAH, I KNOW WE NEED TO GET TO A REAL HOSPITAL. JUST GIVE ME A SECOND.

I'VE GOT THIS. YOU REST.

THANK YOU FOR EVERYTHING. I HOPE YOU'LL COME AND VISIT UNDER BETTER CIRCUMSTANCES.

WE'LL SEE. NOT MANY VACATIONS IN OUR LINE OF WORK, Y'KNOW.

THANKS TO YOU AS WELL, EVA. WE'RE ALL VERY SORRY FOR YOUR LOSS...

...BUT I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT YOU NEVER HAVE TO BE ALONE.

YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY HERE AND JOIN OUR TEAM, IF YOU'D LIKE.

I'VE NEVER MET ANYONE LIKE YOU. I HOPE WE SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN SOMEDAY.

IF GOD WILLS IT...WELL, IF GOD WILLS IT FOR ME.

I HOPE HE DOES.

YOU'RE SURE YOU'D RATHER STAY HERE?

FOR NOW.

TO SEE YOU BOTH SMILING AND NOT STABBING...

...IT MAKES ME THINK THAT SOMETHING BETTER IS HAPPENING HERE TODAY.

CASSIE, I WANT TO KNOW. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD EVER *HRRRNN* HAVE THAT KIND OF FAITH?

HAVING FAITH IS JUST ANOTHER WAY TO SURVIVE. FAITH IS A GUN, OR A KNIFE. TRUE LOVE, OR TRUE HATE. IT'S SOMETHING TO BELIEVE IN.

MY FAITH WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AS HERS, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN A GODDAMN THING IN THIS WORLD.

I BELIEVE IN SURVIVING. YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO, AND YOU KEEP ON LIVING. AMEN.

THE END

THE HEART IS A LONELY KILLER
PART 1

HACK/SLASH vs. VAMPIRELLA #1A by JENNY FRISON

IT ALL STARTS HERE.

THE HEART.

LOVE.

RAGE.

LIFE.

DEATH.

THOUGH SOMETIMES IT'S JUST EASIER TO SAY IT STARTS IN--

INO

Paris

MUTHAF!@#$%' VEGAS!

YOU DON'T LOOK EXCITED.

HURR...

THIS PLACE, IT SMELLS OF PUKE AND PERPETUAL DESPERATION.

IT BURNS THE HAIRS OF MY NOSE.

EH, YOU'LL GET USED TO IT.

HURR...

PERPETUAL DESPERATION... THOSE ARE SOME BIG WORDS.

I HAVE BEEN WATCHING THE ***READING RAINBOW***.

NO MASK.

WE'RE ON ***VACATION***, REMEMBER?

DON'T DENT IT... AND PAY NO MIND TO THE BLOOD STAINS.

UH...

THE LIGHTS. SO BRIGHT. LIKE CHRISTMAS.

YEAH, BIG GUY, WE'RE NOT STAYING HERE...

...WE'RE OVER THERE.

VACANCY

Dead END INN HOTEL

HURR...

WE HAD A FEW EXTRAS DOLLARS, WE DIDN'T WIN THE LOTTERY.

--RIPPED RIGHT OUT OF HIS F!@#$%' CHEST.

WAIT. DID HE JUST SAY...?

NOPE. VACATION, REMEMBER?

BUT--

NO.

HURR...

CASINO

EXCUSE ME, BUT DID I HEAR YOU SAY HE HAD HIS CHEST RIPPED OPEN?
CASINO
YEAH, HAD HIS HEART RIPPED RIGHT OUT. SECOND ONE IN AS MANY WEEKS.

HEAR THAT, VLAD? TWO IN TWO WEEKS.
ONE MIGHT EVEN CALL IT A PATTERN.
OR VEGAS.
YOU AREN'T THE LEAST BIT CONCERNED THIS MIGHT BE A SLASHER?
MY CONCERN IS TO UNPACK, RELAX, AND MAYBE PULL ON THE ONE-EYED BANDIT LATER.
IT'S ONE-ARMED BANDIT.
HUH?
SLOT MACHINES.
THEY'RE CALLED ONE-ARMED BANDITS. WHAT YOU SAID IS COMPLETELY DIFFERENT AND GROSS.
AND SOMETHING YOU JUST SAID OUT LOUD IN PUBLIC.
HURR...

HOW WOULD *ONE-EYED* EVEN MAKE SENSE?

HRRM. CAN WE JUST FORGET ABOUT IT?

OH, TRUST ME, I JUST SPENT AN HOUR IN THE SHOWER TRYING TO *FORGET ABOUT IT.*

ODDLY, NO AMOUNT OF SCRUBBING CAN GET RID OF THAT IMAGE.

BUT BACK TO THE GUYS WITH THEIR CHESTS TORN OPEN.

I MEAN IT HAS TO BE A SLASHER. THIS ISN'T SOME BLACK MARKET KIDNEY S!@#, RIGHT?

SPIT

I SAID, *RIGHT?*

VLAD?

Z Z Z Z Z

SLEEP TIGHT, BIG GUY.

Z Z Z Z Z

I'M GONNA GO SEE IF I CAN FIND SOME NIGHTMARES.

IT'S LIKE A ROOM FULL OF F!@#$%' LIVIN' ZOMBIES.

SLAMMING QUARTERS INTO ELECTRONIC WISHING WELLS.

HOPING BETWEEN THE FREE LIQUOR AND GEORGE WASHINGTONS THERE'S A NEW LIFE WAITIN'.

I JUST GOTTA FIND ONE WHO HASN'T GONE COMPLETELY TO THE LAND OF WATERED DOWN WHISKEY AND TRIPLE CHERRIES.

NO THANKS, I'M GOOD.

BINGO.

HAVING ANY LUCK?

NOT SO FAR. YOU LOOKING TO CHANGE IT?

UGH. THEY'RE ALWAYS F!@#$%' CREEPS.

WHAT'S THAT VEGAS SAYING? WHAT'S IN YOUR PANTS, STAYS IN YOUR PANTS...

...OR IT DOESN'T GO BACK IN.

NOTE TO SELF: TRY LESS VIOLENT APPROACH. AVOID CREEPS. GET TO POINT QUICKER.

S!@#!

SO, DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THOSE KILLINGS?

WELL, THAT'S QUITE THE CONVERSATION STARTER.

HAHA. SORRY, JUST SAW THEM ROLLING AWAY ONE OF THE VICTIMS EARLIER. GUESS I'M KINDA STILL IN SHOCK.

UNDERSTANDABLE. I DON'T KNOW MUCH. COPS WERE AROUND EARLIER. ASKING QUESTIONS.

WHAT DID THEY ASK ABOUT?

JACKPOT 777

THE NORM. HAD WE SEEN ANYTHING UNUSUAL. WHERE WE HAD BEEN AT 10PM LAST NIGHT.

THEN THEY SAID THEY WERE SEALING OFF HALF THE FIFTH FLOOR. YOU KNOW, 'CUZ CRIME SCENE AND ALL.

NO MENTION OF SUSPECTS OR ANYTHING?

JUST SAID KEEP OUR EYE OUT FOR ANY BLACK HAIRED WOMEN WHO MIGHT...

...UM... I... I... GOTTA GO.

BUT--

S!@#.

DIFFERENT APPROACH. SAME RESULT.

AT LEAST, I GOT ENOUGH INFO TO NARROW MY SEARCH.

HEY, PRETTY THING, WANNA PAR--

KRAK

UMPH!

SORRY. INSTINCT.

THOUGH, HONESTLY, PROBABLY DID YOU A FAVOR.

F!@#. I DIDN'T THINK.

CAN'T GET IN WITHOUT A CARD.

KEEPAWAY• KEEPAW

AY•KEEPAWAY•KEEP

KEEPAWAY

WAY•KEEPAWAY•

EPAL

CLICK

HUH.

WELL, THAT IS EITHER CONVENIENT OR FISHY.

NOT A DAMN THING.

OH, I WOULDN'T SAY THAT...

5

4

POLICE PROBABLY GATHERED UP MOST OF THE EVIDENCE, BUT MAYBE THEY MISSED SOMETHING.

...MAYBE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE WRONG THING.

1

3

5

MAYBE YOU'RE LOOKIN' TO DIE!

OR NOT.

I'M NOT THE ONE YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, CHILD.

NOR, UNFORTUNATELY, ARE *YOU* THE ONE *I'M* LOOKING FOR.

LET HER GO.

YOU WERE ABLE TO SNEAK UP ON ME? IMPRESSIVE.

IT IS A TRICK I KNOW.

WHAT OTHER LITTLE TRICKS DO YOU KNOW?

YOU BEAUTIFUL, BEAUTIFUL CREATURE.

HMMM...

WHAT THE F!@# ARE YOU DOING TO HIM?

MESMERIZING GAZE. IT'S ONE OF *MY* TRICKS.

NOW, WHAT OF YOU, LITTLE MOUSE?

SPOILER ALERT. BULLS!@# PARLOR TRICKS DON'T WORK ON ME.

OH, PLEASE, IF I WANTED YOU AND YOUR MUSCLE DEAD, YOU'D BE DEAD.

I DON'T. BUT I DO NEED YOU TO LEAVE.

YOUR PRESENCE IS...

...MASKING HER SCENT.

sniff sniff

WHAT THE F!@# ARE YOU?

sniff sniff

I'M A VAMPIRE.

LIKE SOME CHRISTOPHER LEE S!@#?

MORE LIKE SOME FROM OUTER SPACE, UM, S!@#.

SO YOU'RE AN ALIEN?

YES. KINDA... BUT STILL A VAMPIRE.

IT'S ALSO AN ANNOYING WASTE OF MY TIME.

I NEED TO FIND HER SOON.

WHO?

IT'S ALL VERY COMPLICATED AND NOT PERTINENT TO THE CURRENT SITUATION.

"THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS."

SOON, CHAOS, MY LOVE, I SHALL HAVE ALL THE HEARTS I NEED TO BRING YOUR REIGN TO EARTH.

AND MY LOVE TO YOUR DARK GOD HEART.

SO, THIS MUD QUEEN... SHE A VAMPIRE LIKE YOU? OR A SLASHER?

IT'S *BLOOD QUEEN.*

EH, IT'LL BE *DEAD QUEEN* WHEN VLAD AND I GET DONE WITH HER.

VLAD, IS IT? I KNEW A VLAD ONCE, BUT HIS CHEEK BONES WEREN'T QUITE AS EXQUISITE AS YOURS.

HMMM...

INDEED.

TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, NO, SHE ISN'T A VAMPIRE OR A SLASHER.

SHE'S JUST AN EVIL ENTITY IN LOVE WITH THE WRONG GOD.

NOW, IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I MUST FIND HER BEFORE SHE BRINGS ABOUT THE APOCALYPSE.

AIN'T NOBODY GOING ANYWHERE.

YEAH, WE HAVE HER. RETURNED TO THE SCENE OF THE CRIME, JUST LIKE WE SUSPECTED.

CASSIE, WHAT DID YOU DO?

I MAY HAVE THREATENED TO CUT OFF A MAN'S, *UM*, ONE-EYED BANDIT... AND A WOMAN MAYBE THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO CUT OUT HER HEART.

IN MY DEFENSE, THE DUDE WAS A TOTAL DOUCHE AND THE WOMAN WAS MAKING BASELESS ASSUMPTIONS.

BESIDES, CAN'T YOUR NEW VAMPIRE GIRLFRIEND JUST MESMERIZE THEM OR SOME S!@#.

OH, I CAN DO ONE BETTER.

NONE OF YOU SICKOS MOVE A GOD!@# FINGER.

HOW ABOUT A WING?

SWEET MOTHER OF MERCY!

I'M OUT.

WELL, F!@#.

WHO THE HELL *ARE* YOU PEOPLE?

AMBIEN.

WHAT?

I SAID AMBIEN, BECAUSE WE'RE ABOUT TO PUT YOUR ASSES TO SLEEP.

VLAD.

KRAK

THE JOKE... NOT SO GOOD.

LET'S JUST GET THE F!@# OUT OF HERE, BEFORE MORE SHOW UP. YOU CAN CRITIQUE MY FIGHT BANTER LATER.

THWOK

EXCUSE ME, MISS, BUT I COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE YOU HAVE A *F!@#$%' HUMAN HEART* IN YOUR HANDS.

AB HOC CONSILIO.

FSSSSH

F!@#! I'M SO TIRED OF EVERYONE AND THEIR F!@#$%' CRISS ANGEL BULLS!@#.

DON'T WORRY, PRECIOUS. SHE LEFT YOU A PRESENT.

F!@# ME.

THE HEART IS A LONELY KILLER PART 2

HACK/SLASH vs. VAMPIRELLA #2A by **CARLI IDHE**

"VEGAS VACATION" SOUNDS GREAT, UP UNTIL THE POINT YOU'RE GETTING THROWN THROUGH A DOOR BY A DEMON.

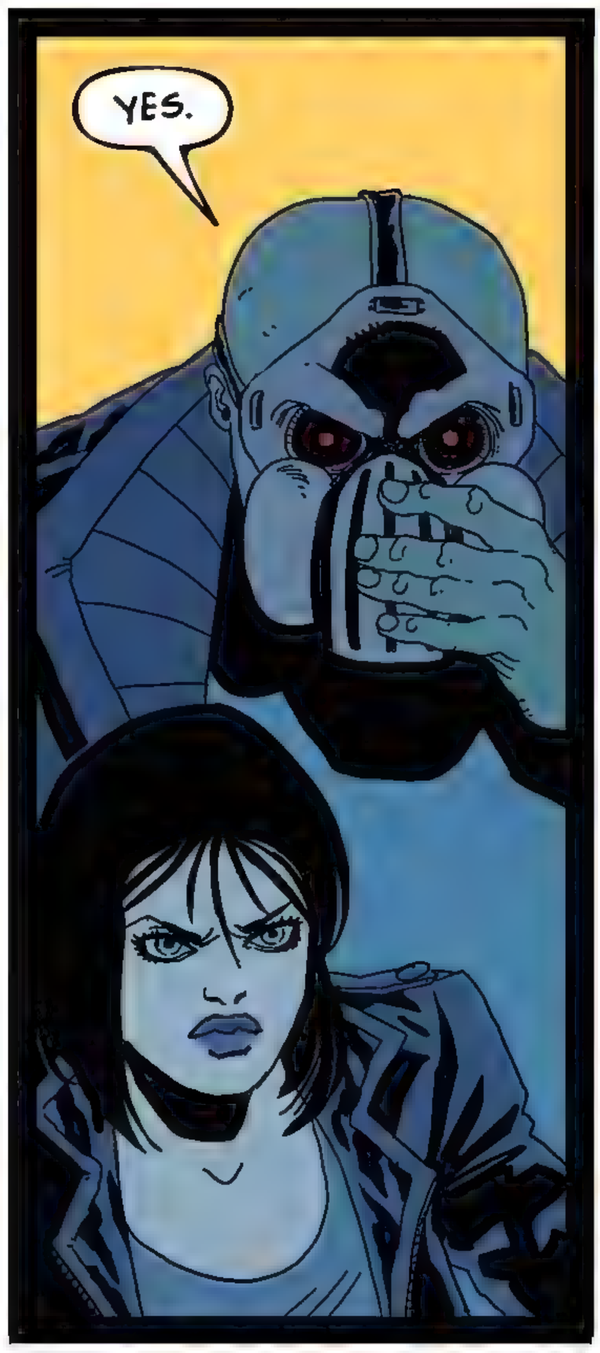
AND LET'S GO AHEAD AND GET THIS OUTTA THE WAY:

I **HATE** F!@#$%' DEMONS. ALSO, MY FEELINGS ON VEGAS HAVE TAKEN A NOSEDIVE.

CRASH

=GASP!=
WOULD YOU BELIEVE ROOM SERVICE?

PLAYTIME'S OVER. YOU READY TO TAKE THIS BRIMSTONE ASS SMELLIN' MUTHAF!@#$% OUT?


YES.

TIME TO GO BACK TO WHATEVER HELLHOLE SPAWNED YOU, DIPS!@#.

YEEEAAAAA!!

CASSANDRA!
SLASH

THE MISTAKE YOU HAVE MADE IS BIG.

HURRRT!

THWOK

HIGH.

LOW.

TEAMWORK MAKES THE DREAM WORK.

YOU'RE PROBABLY ASKING YOURSELF, "YO, CASSIE, WHY THE HATE FOR DEMONS?"

HOLD HIS FEET, VLAD?

FIRST OFF, THEY SMELL LIKE BURNING PIG S!@#.

SECOND, EACH KIND HAS A DIFFERENT WAY TO KILL IT. IT'S ALL GUESS WORK, UNLESS YOU'RE A DEMONOLOGIST OR SOMETHING STUPID LIKE THAT.

LIKE, DO YOU STAB IT IN THE EYE? IN THE HEART?

RAARGH!

SPLOP

DO YOU HAVE TO RECITE A MAGIC INCANTATION?

KRSH

MAKE IT DRINK FROM A GOBLET FILLED WITH A VIRGIN'S PISS?

YOU DIE NOW, YES?

SHUNK

WHO THE F!@# KNOWS?

NO.

YOU DIE NOW.

AT LEAST WITH SLASHERS, KILLING THEM IS PRETTY STRAIGHTFORWARD-- MASSIVE BODILY HARM, MAYBE BURN THE DEAD BODY.

MY TIME AND PATIENCE GROWS THIN. THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS MUST--

STAB IN THE BALLS!

SQRK

F!@# ME. HOW DO YOU NOT HAVE ANY *BALLS?*

AS I WAS SAYING, THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS--

SHPLAK

I'M TOO OLD FOR THIS S!@#.

BOOF

DID HE HURT YOU, MY BEAUTIFUL ONE?

HMMM.

YOU CAME BACK FOR US.

SURE, IF IT MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER.

IN TRUTH, I WAS COMING BACK FOR THE ***BLOOD QUEEN.***

I WAS TWO FLOORS DOWN WHEN I HEARD THE COMMOTION.

YOU HEARD US TWO FLOORS AWAY?

ENHANCED HEARING.

ANYWAY, I ASSUMED IT WAS THE BLOOD QUEEN RETURNING.

INSTEAD I FIND YOU TWO AND A ***SERVANT DEMON.***

IMAGINE MY ***DISAPPOINTMENT.***

WELL, NOT *ALL* DISAPPOINTMENT.

HMMM.

SO, THE DEMON, YOU KILLED IT?

YOU CAN'T KILL SERVANT DEMONS. YOU MERELY SEND THEM BACK TO THEIR MASTERS.

HE'S PROBABLY GETTING AN EARFUL FOR HIS FAILURE, AS WE SPEAK.

THE ONLY WAY TO GET RID OF A SERVANT DEMON PERMANENTLY IS TO KILL THE MASTER.

COOL. SO WHEN WE KILLING THIS BLOOD QUEEN?

SOON.

...THEN SHE STABS ME IN THE BALLS.

YOU DON'T HAVE ANY BALLS.

WELL, YEAH, BUT IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF IT.

MY ONLY CONCERN IS YOUR FAILURE TO KILL THEM.

BUT, MY QUEEN, THEY WEREN'T LIKE REGULAR HUMANS. ACTUALLY, I'M NOT EVEN SURE THE MALE ONE *IS* HUMAN.

THEY SHOULD HAVE BEEN NO TROUBLE FOR YOU, REGARDLESS.

SHE? YOU MEAN...

YES, MY QUEEN, BUT... BUT ***SHE*** SHOWED UP.

...VAMPIRELLA?!

THAT'S YOUR NAME? VAMPIRELLA?

CORRECT.

HUH. JUST PUTTING IT ALL OUT THERE. LETTIN' PEOPLE KNOW YOU'RE A VAMPIRE FROM THE GET-GO.

I FIND IT HELPS NEGATE FUTURE MISUNDERSTANDINGS.

HEY, WHATEVER FLOATS YOUR BOAT.

SO, CAN YOU TURN INTO A BAT AND S!@#?

HAHA. NO, TRUST ME, I'VE TRIED.

JUST THE WINGS.

ONE BAT IT IS THEN.

YOU KNOW, EARLIER, YOU SAID WE'D BE GOING AFTER THIS BLOOD QUEEN *SOON.*

I FEEL LIKE WE'RE AT *SOON.*

I MEAN, DON'T GET ME WRONG, I APPRECIATE THE HOSPITALITY, BUT I'M READY TO BASH SOME HEADS.

AM I RIGHT, VLAD?

HMMM.

PATIENCE ISN'T YOUR STRONG SUIT.

TRUST ME WHEN I SAY THIS, CHILD, A FIGHT WITH THE BLOOD QUEEN IS NOT SOMETHING YOU WANT TO RUSH INTO BLINDLY.

DIDN'T YOU SAY SHE'S JUST SOME LOVESICK ENTITY? GRANTED SHE CAN APPARENTLY CALL UP DEMONS, BUT STILL.

NO, NO, SHE'S MUCH MORE THAN THAT.

"SHE USED TO BE A HIGH PRIESTESS FOR THE CULT OF CHAOS. SACRIFICING PEOPLE IN THE NAME OF THE MAD-GOD CHAOS.

AMES

NO

"THOUGH SHE WAS THE MAD-GOD'S FAVORITE, SHE MADE THE MISTAKE OF DEMANDING IMMORTALITY AND TO BE HIS QUEEN."

CASINO

"THAT NEVER ENDS WELL."

"NO, IT DOESN'T. ANGERED BY HER FOOLISHNESS, THE MAD-GOD RIPPED HER SOUL FROM HER FLESH AND TRAPPED HER IN A PLAYING CARD.

"GIVING HER THE IMMORTALITY SHE DESIRED, IF NOT THE LOVE."

"HAHA. WAIT, WHAT?"

CA

"PLEASE LET ME FINISH."

"ANY MORTAL WOMAN WHO TOUCHES THE CARD BECOMES POSSESSED BY THE BLOOD QUEEN.

"SHE USES THE BODY UP, SIPHONING OFF THE LIFE FORCE, TOSSING THEM AWAY WHEN THEY CAN'T CONTAIN HER ESSENCE ANYMORE."

"SO SHE COULD BE ANYONE?"

"CORRECT."

"AND WHAT DOES SHE USE THESE BODIES FOR?"

"IN SHORT, TO WIN THE LOVE OF THE MAD-GOD CHAOS."

"YEAH, BUT HOW?"

"BY COLLECTING HUMAN HEARTS FOR HIM. SOMETIMES IT'S SEVEN, SOMETIMES IT'S TEN.

"NO MATTER THE NUMBER, HE ALWAYS DEMANDS MINE BE THE LAST."

"WHAT HAPPENS IF SHE SUCCEEDS?"

"THE END OF THE WORLD, OF COURSE."

DOES SHE HAVE ANY POWERS, YOU KNOW, BEYOND CALLING UP DEMONS AND POSSESSION BY PLAYING CARD?

YES, SHE IS WELL-VERSED IN THE ART OF NECROMANCY AND OTHER OCCULT MAGICS. AND GIVEN THE RATE AT WHICH SHE CAN HEAL...

...SHE'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO KILL.

I'VE DEALT WITH *DIFFICULT TO KILL* BEFORE.

JUST MEANS YOU HAVE TO USE MORE MUSCLE AND IMAGINATION.

NOW THAT YOU'VE GIVEN US *THE ORIGIN OF THE BLOOD RED QUEEN OF HEARTS* BIT...

...WHEN DO YOU GET TO THE *SOMEONE DIES IN THIS ISSUE* BIT?

ALMOST READY, JUST HAD TO PUT ON...

...THE PROPER ATTIRE.

HAHAHAHA! WHAT IN THE F!@# IS THAT?

IS THAT, LIKE, STANDARD ISSUE ALIEN VAMPIRE WEAR?

I CAN'T IMAGINE ANYONE WOULD CHOOSE TO FIGHT IN THAT?

AM I RIGHT, VLAD?

VLAD?

GREAT, YOU MADE HIM PASS OUT.

AT LEAST YOU HAD THE SMARTS TO PUT ON A JACKET.

SO SAYS THE GIRL IN THE MINISKIRT.

YOU. EYES FORWARD. I DON'T NEED YOU PASSING OUT BEHIND THE WHEEL.

HRRR.

SO WHERE WE HEADED NOW?

HOW?

TO SEE A WITCH I KNOW. SHE'LL BE ABLE TO TELL US WHERE THE QUEEN IS.

BY USING THE TONGUE I YANKED OUT OF THAT DEMONS MOUTH.

GROSS! YOU BROUGHT THAT S!@# IN THE VAN?

I'M SURE IT'S NOT THE WORST THING THAT'S BEEN IN HERE.

TOUCHÉ. SO HOW IS THIS WITCH GOING TO GET INFO FROM A TONGUE?

DEAD OR ALIVE, ALL TONGUES SPEAK.

"HERE WE ARE. JUST PULL OVER THERE IN FRONT OF THAT PSYCHIC READINGS SIGN."

HOTEL

CASI

GYPSY READER

Fortune Teller

OPEN

I SHALL RETURN SHORTLY.

PALM

ADV

TA

ADING

2609

PSYCHIC

TAROT

LOOK, WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU WHEN YOU'RE AROUND HER, I KINDA GET IT.

SAME S!@# USED TO HAPPEN TO ME WHENEVER I'D SEE T-BOZ IN A TLC VIDEO.

I CANNOT HELP MYSELF.

IF WE'RE GOING UP AGAINST DEMONS AND SOME BODY-HOPPING PSYCHO, I'M GOING TO NEED YOU TO.

I CAN'T BE WORRYING ABOUT YOU *AND* KICKING ASS.

I WILL NOT LET YOU DOWN, CASSANDRA.

YOU NEVER HAVE.

NEVER WILL.

AND YOU'RE SURE YOUR WITCH FRIEND IS RIGHT ABOUT THIS?

SHE ASSURED ME THE TONGUE SPOKE TRUE.

GOTTA SAY, IT DOESN'T GET MUCH MORE CLICHÉ THAN "ABANDONED WAREHOUSE IN THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE."

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

KILL ANYONE WHO *ISN'T* US.

HRR.

SPPT. LET'S DO THIS S!@#.

LOT OF DEMONS, BUT NOT A QUEEN IN SIGHT.

SHE'S AROUND. KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

"AT LEAST IT'LL BE EASY TO KNOW WHICH ONES AREN'T US."

TRY TO GO FOR THE BASE OF THE SKULL. IT DOESN'T KILL THEM...

KRAK

...BUT IT DOES TAKE THEM OFF THE BOARD FOR A SPELL.

WHAP

GOOD TIP.

FWAK

HEY, BAT-GIRL!

FWAK

CATCH!

NO, DON'T! IT'S A TRICK!

F!@# ME... AND MY CAT-LIKE REFLEXES.

WE'RE SCREWED, YES?

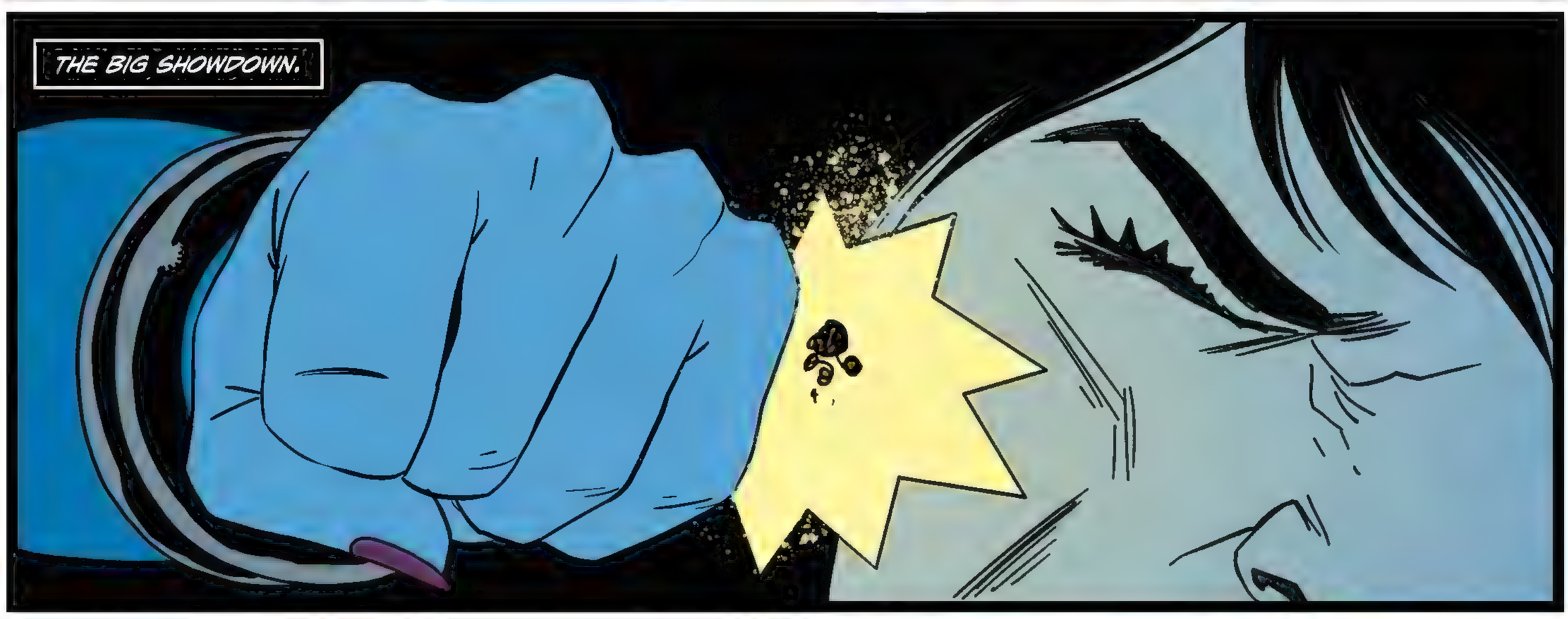
SCREWED, INDEED.

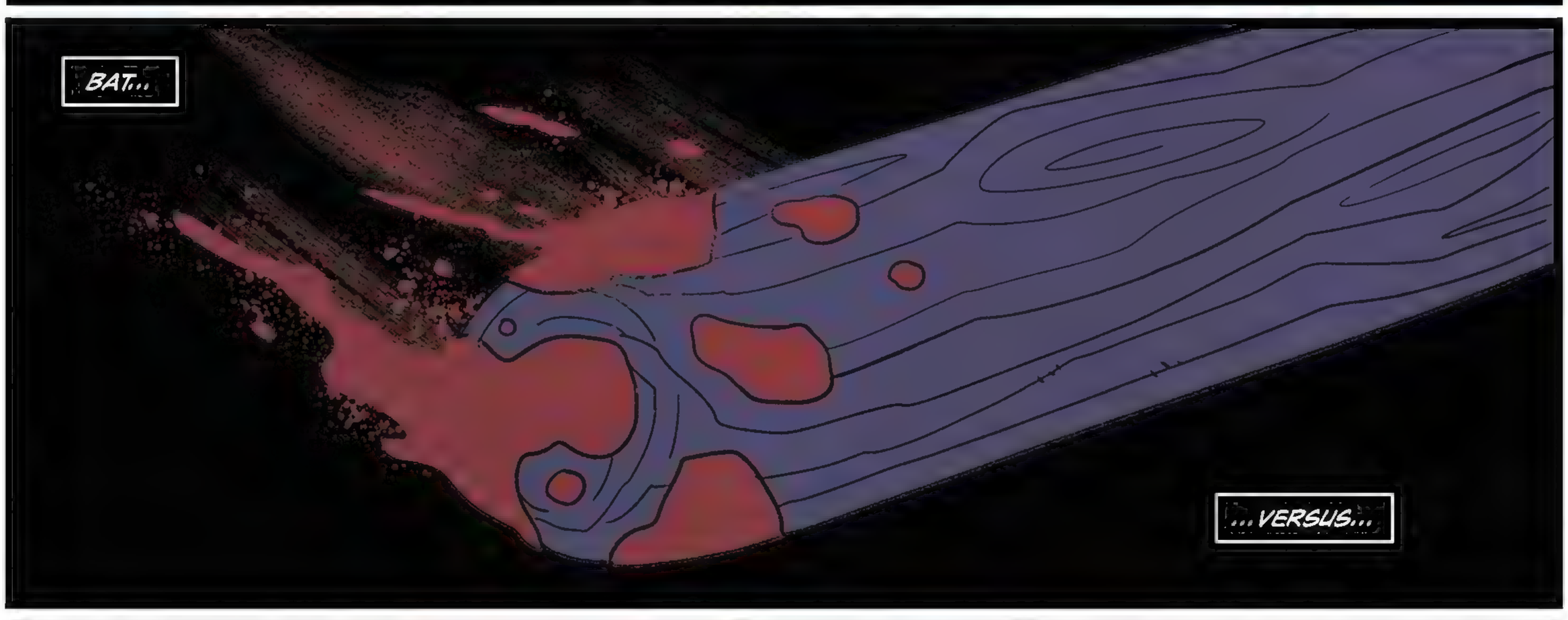
THE HEART IS A LONELY KILLER
PART 3

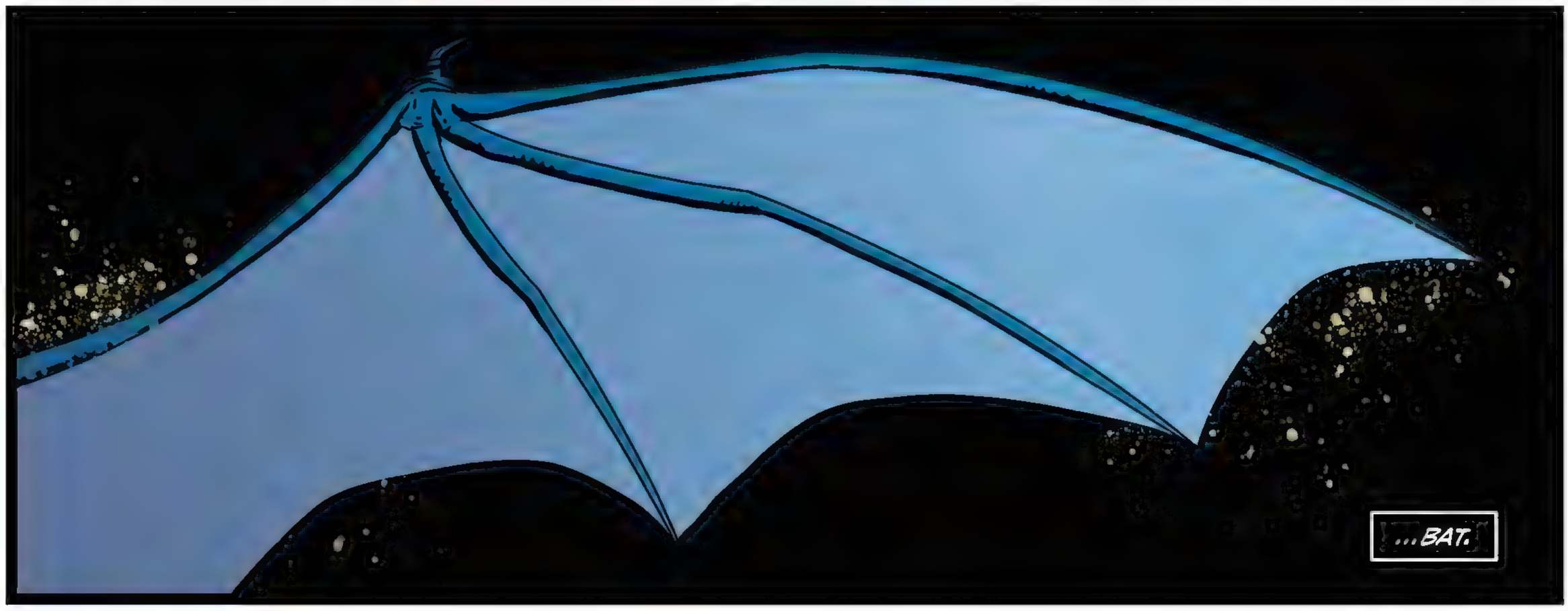
JEN VAUGHN

HACK/SLASH vs. VAMPIRELLA #3A by **JEN VAUGHN**

THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.


THE BIG SHOWDOWN.


BAT...
...VERSUS...


...BAT.

CASSIE HACK VERSUS VAMPIRELLA.

EXCEPT IT ISN'T.

DON'T GET ME WRONG, THE BODY IS CASSIE HACK.

THE BLOOD, TOO.

BUT THE INSIDES? THAT'S ALL ME.

LET HER GO, BLOOD QUEEN.

I'M THE ONE IN CONTROL.

OH, I DON'T THINK SO.

I'M GONNA HOLD ON TO THIS ONE FOR AS LONG AS I CAN.

THEN I'LL JUST HAVE TO LOOSEN YOUR GRIP.

KRAK

NOT TODAY.

I HAVE TO BE HONEST, I'VE POSSESSED A LOT OF BODIES, BUT NONE OF THEM COMPARE TO THIS ONE.

THERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING EXTRA IN HERE.

DONE SO SOON?

A LITTLE MORE--

UMPH!

FORGOT ABOUT THIS ONE.

PLEASE, CASSANDRA, BREAK FREE OF HER.

SHE HAS THE FEELS FOR HIM. LESS BOYFRIEND, MORE BIG BROTHER.

SHE ONLY WANTS TO SEE HIM HAPPY.

PFF

SHAME THAT I ONLY WANT TO SEE HIM DEAD.

KLNK

YOU'RE ONLY DELAYING THE INEVITABLE. WHETHER YOU DIE NOW OR AN HOUR FROM NOW, MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO ME.

THIS BODY WAS BUILT TO LAST.

THE BLOOD QUEEN WON'T GIVE UP CONTROL OF CASSANDRA, UNLESS SHE DEEMS THE BODY TOO WEAK FOR HER PURPOSES.

THEN YOU'LL LOSE HER.

I WON'T HURT CASSANDRA.

IT DOESN'T TAKE SUPERNATURAL SENSES TO KNOW YOU CARE FOR THE GIRL.

SO, THAT LEAVES YOU TWO OPTIONS... FIGHT OR STAY THE F!@# OUT OF MY WAY.

SO, WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE, HANDSOME?

HURR.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.

IF YOU TWO ARE DONE DEVISING A PLAN THAT WON'T WORK...

...CAN WE JUST FAST-FORWARD TO THE PART WHERE I F!@# YOUR WORLD UP?

THIS WILL BE EASIER IF YOU JUST STAY THE F!@# STILL.

WHOOOSH

THUD

THAT'S MORE LIKE IT.

THWOK

THERE'S A LOT OF ANGER IN THIS ONE. PENT UP RAGE.

CASSANDRA HACK HAS SEEN SOME SH!@.

YOU KILL ENOUGH PEOPLE, NO MATTER HOW EVIL THEY ARE, HOW GOOD YOU ARE, IT TAKES A TOLL ON YOU.

IT OPENS UP CRACKS, STARTS TO LET DARKNESS CREEP IN.

SHE DOESN'T LIKE IT.

BUT I DO.

IT LETS ME DIG IN DEEPER.

HANDS OFF HIS BEAUTIFUL BLUES.

KRATCH

YOUR FRIEND IS MORE RESILIENT THAN I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT.

STUBBORN, YES.

WE HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO PIN HER DOWN. JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR ME TO BLEED HER.

ERMM, BLEED HER?

YES. I'LL DRAIN HER ENOUGH TO MAKE HER PASS OUT.

AW, DON'T WORRY, HANDSOME.

SHE WON'T BECOME A VAMPIRE OR ANYTHING LIKE THAT. I'M NOT ABOUT THAT LIFE.

SEE IF YOU CAN GET BEHIND HER, WHILE I DISTRACT HER.

THAT DIDN'T TAKE ME OUT. IT ONLY PISSED ME OFF.

YOU MIGHT BE WONDERING WHAT'S MY MOTIVATION.

LET'S CUT THE CHARADE, BLOOD QUEEN. I'M THE ONE YOU REALLY WANT.

YOU *WERE* THE ONE I WANTED, BUT NOT ANYMORE.

I MEAN LOOK AT THIS, THREE ROUNDS WITH YOU AND THE GOON AND SHE'S STILL TICKING, STILL REVVING TO GO.

WHAT'S THE WHY? WHY THE HEARTS, WHY THE RITUALS, WHY THE WANT OF A CHAOTIC GOD'S RULE?

I THOUGHT I'D TASTED ALL THE FRUITS OF THE TREE, BUT THIS ONE, VAMPIRELLA, SHE'S A GOLDEN APPLE. I'M GOING TO NIBBLE ON HER FOR A WHILE.

WHY DO ANY OF US DO ANYTHING?

FOR LOVE, OF COURSE.

THE OLDEST OF HUMAN EMOTIONS.

THEY'LL SAY LONELINESS WAS THE FIRST THING ADAM FELT IN THE GARDEN.

BUT ISN'T LONELINESS JUST THE LACK OF LOVE?

SHE IS OK, YES?

I PROMISE, HANDSOME.

AND WASN'T IT THE LACK OF GOD'S LOVE THAT DROVE CAIN TO KILL ABEL?

IT IS THE LACK OF A GOD'S LOVE THAT DRIVES ME, TOO.

WHAT DO WE DO, NOW?

WE WAIT.

MY GOD JUST HAPPENS TO BE THE MAD GOD CHAOS.

WHEN THE BLOOD QUEEN TOOK HER BODY, CASSIE WAS PUSHED INTO SORT OF A NETHER REALM. HALF ALIVE, HALF DEAD.

PROBABLY BEING FED IMAGES OF SOME IDEAL LIFE BY THE BLOOD QUEEN. SHE HAS TO WANT TO BREAK FREE OF THAT.

CAIN KILLED TO WIN HIS GOD'S LOVE. I RIP OUT HUMAN HEARTS.

WHO WE LOVE, HOW WE LOVE...

...WHAT WE'RE WILLING TO DO FOR IT...

THIS IS CASSIE'S FIGHT NOW.

...IT'S ALL RELATIVE...

...TO THE REALITY WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES.

I'M HOME.

MAMA!

HI, MY LITTLE SWEET ONES. HOW WAS SCHOOL?

GOOD.

THIS IS FOR AFTER SUPPER.

THANKS, MAMA!

HOME A LITTLE EARLY?

THEY TOOK THE DEAL QUICKER THAN WE THOUGHT.

PLUS, I CAN'T GO THAT LONG WITHOUT SEEING THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WORLD.

HRRR. YOU TWO SHOULD SAVE DESSERT UNTIL AFTER DINNER.

OH, I WOULD CALL THAT MORE APPETIZER THAN DESSERT.

HRRM. CAN WE EAT NOW?

OH, I THINK--

ENOUGH. I DO NOT WANT TO HEAR MORE.

HMMMMM.

WOW, VLAD, THAT IS REALLY F!@#$%' GOOD. WHAT IS IT?

THANK YOU. IT'S A TRADITIONAL HUNGARIAN GOULASH RECIPE I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY OUT.

THE WAY EVERYTHING BLENDS TOGETHER INTO THIS PERFECT TASTE EXPLOSION...

...IT'S MAGICAL.

WOULDN'T YOU AGREE, GEORGIA?

IT IS DELIGHTFUL.

DELIGHTFUL IS UNDERSELLING IT.

IT'S LIKE A FOOD METAPHOR FOR LIFE. YOU'RE THE PEPPERS, THE KIDS THE ONION, VLAD THE TOMATOES.

AND I'M THE BEEF. ALL OF US SITTING IN A COMFORTING, WARM BROTH.

IT IS ONLY GOULASH, CASSANDRA.

OH, I DON'T THINK THAT AT ALL, VLAD.

I THINK...

...THIS IS ALL SOME F!@#$%' BULLS!@#!

KRASH

THE SHOW'S F!@#$%' OVER. YOU CAN BRING YOUR BODY HI-JACKING ASS ON OUT.

WHAT. GAVE IT AWAY?

SECOND? I DON'T DO F!@#$%' SUITS.

THE OBVIOUS THING?

VLAD IS A HORRIBLE COOK. NO WAY IN HELL DOES HE MAKE SOMETHING THAT F!@#$%' TASTY.

BUT THE BIG MISTAKE YOU MADE IS ASSUMING THE LIFE I LIVE ISN'T THE ONE I WANT.

I GET IT. ON THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN, IT SEEMS KINDA F!@#$% UP. TRAVELING AROUND IN A VAN, HALF-BROKE, KILLING SLASHERS, YOUR BEST FRIEND IS A GUY WHO WAS RAISED IN A MEAT LOCKER.

THOK

I MEAN, WHO THE F!@# WOULD WANT THAT LIFE?

THUD

CASSANDRA F!@#$%' HACK, THAT'S WHO.

NOW, GIVE ME BACK MY LIFE...

GY

...AND GET THE F!@# OUT OF MY BODY.

EEEAAAAAHHH!

THAT WAS ALL KINDS OF F!@#$%.

CASSIE, IS THAT YOU?

ONE AND ONLY.

WOW, YOU TWO LOOK LIKE SH!@.

THANKS.

WHY DO I FEEL SO WEAK?

AFTER EFFECTS OF BEING POSSESSED.

AND MY NECK IS ON FIRE.

AFTER EFFECTS OF ME SUCKING OUT A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT OF YOUR BLOOD.

THERE WAS NO OTHER WAY. WE HAD TO PUT YOUR BODY IN A WEAKENED STATE.

AND TURN ME INTO A VAMPIRE ALONG THE WAY?!

WHAT THE F!@#? AND YOU JUST LET HER, VLAD?

WELL, UH, HRRM.

=SIGH= YOU PEOPLE. YOU'RE NOT A VAMPIRE. YOU WON'T BE A VAMPIRE.

THAT'S NOT HOW IT WORKS.

SO MUCH MISINFORMATION OUT THERE.

NOW, COME ON, WE NEED TO CONCENTRATE ON FINDING WHERE THE BLOOD QUEEN WENT.

SHE'LL WANT TO FIND ANOTHER BODY AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE.

SHE COULD BE ANY--

WEEAAAyAAH!

SKRRK

OR SHE COULD BE RIGHT BEHIND YOU.

SURELY, YOU SAW THAT COMING.

THE HEART IS A LONELY KILLER
PART 4

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN AROUND AS LONG AS I HAVE, YOU GET STABBED. A LOT. EVEN SHOT ON OCCASION.

YOU NEVER GET USED TO IT. HURTS EVERY SINGLE DAMN TIME.

SURE, I HEAL, BUT IT'S NOT LIKE HEALING POWERS COME WITH BUILT-IN ANESTHESIA.

EVERY NERVE RECONNECTING, EVERY VEIN REDISCOVERING ITS PURPOSE, EVERY BIT OF FLESH PULLING ITSELF BACK TOGETHER...

...YOU FEEL ALL OF IT.

THERE ARE EVEN TIMES, RARE AS THEY MAY BE, WHEN THE SEVERITY OF THE WOUND OUTPACES THE SPEED OF THE HEALING.

WHEN THAT HAPPENS, YOU DIE. BRIEFLY, BUT DEAD ALL THE SAME.

IF YOU'RE LUCKY, YOU SEE AN ANGEL.

BECAUSE ODDS ARE...

...YOU'VE ALREADY MET THE DEVIL.

...DON'T CARE WHO ELSE I HAVE TO KILL, THE LAST HEART I NEED SHALL BE *MINE!*

THE GREAT MAD GOD CHAOS SHALL--

YADA, YADA, YADA. HEADS UP, NO ONE GIVES A S!@#.

NOT ABOUT YOU OR YOUR LOVE-JONES FOR SOME LAME-ASS CHAOS GOD.

IT'S ALL KINDA CORNY, IF I'M BEING HONEST.

YOU INSUFFERABLE LITTLE-- RAGH!

KILL THEM!

WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE AND REGROUP.

AND HOPE YOUR GIRLFRIEND AIN'T DEAD.

HURR.

KRAK

FWAP

PUT HER IN THE BACK. I'LL DRIVE.

KRAK

HRRM.

KRAK

TIME TO GET THE F!@# OUTTA DODGE!

CASSANDRA, IT MIGHT BE BEST TO TURN!

THTHUD

CASSANDRA!

TRUST ME.

TUMP

SCREEE

HRRR. BEEN WATCHING MY FAST & FURIOUS BLU-RAYS AGAIN?

ALL ABOUT THAT FAM.

HOW YOU FEELIN'?

SLIGHTLY BETTER THAN DEAD.

BUT I NEED BLOOD.

HAHAHA. I'VE SEEN TOO MANY VAMPIRE MOVIES TO FALL FOR THAT S!@#. SORRY.

BITE ME ONCE, SHAME ON YOU. BITE ME TWICE, I'M A CREATURE OF THE NIGHT.

FOR THE HUNDRETH TIME, I'M NOT THAT KIND OF VAMPIRE.

THE BLOOD QUEEN MUST HAVE HIT A MAIN ARTERY OR SOMETHING. JUST NEED A BOOST.

HURR?

HEY, YOU'RE THE ONE ALWAYS MAKING CUTESY EYES AT HER. SEEMS ONLY FITTING.

ERR. I WILL HELP.

THINK OF IT AS A FIRST KISS, A REALLY ***WEIRD*** FIRST KISS.

DON'T WORRY, BEAUTIFUL ONE. I WOULD NEVER HARM YOU.

JUST RELAX.

LET ME DO THE REST.

HMMM.

IF YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS DON'T MIND, I'M GOING TO STOP FOR A PISS BREAK.

HOW YOU FEELING?

MUCH BETTER.

I DON'T REALLY REMEMBER DRINKING THAT MUCH WATER, BUT I GUESS A COUPLE OF PUNCHES TO THE BLADDER MOVE IT RIGHT ALONG.

THAT'S NOT WHAT I MEANT. THE BLOOD QUEEN WAS INSIDE YOU, INSIDE YOUR HEAD.

THAT'D MESS WITH A LOT OF PEOPLE.

WELL, I AIN'T A LOT OF PEOPLE.

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING THE CIRCUIT AS LONG AS VLAD AND I HAVE, YOU SEE SOME S!@#.

AFTER A WHILE, THERE AIN'T MUCH LEFT THAT CAN F!@# YOU UP.

BITCH THOUGHT SHE KNEW ME, BITCH WAS WRONG.

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU WERE F!@#$%' STABBED!

I'M FINE. THANKS TO THIS ANGEL.

HMM.

THEN WHAT'S NEXT? HOW DO WE STOP THIS ASS!@#$ BEFORE SHE SUMMONS THIS CHAOS DIPS!@# OR WHATEVER?

WE HAVE TO TRAP HER IN THE CARD, THEN DESTROY IT.

AND THAT KILLS HER? NO MORE CARD, NO MORE BLOOD QUEEN?

GENERALLY SPEAKING, YES.

HOW ABOUT SPECIFICALLY SPEAKING?

YOU SHOULD KNOW ALL TOO WELL...

...THEY ALWAYS COME BACK.

HUH. FUNNY YOU SHOULD MENTION THAT, BECAUSE...

...IT LOOKS LIKE OUR BAD PENNY HAS COME BACK AROUND.

SO, IT WOULD SEEM.

MORE HEAD SMASHING.

FUN TIMES.

SLASH

HER DEMON HORDE IS SMALLER. THEY MUST NOT BE RETURNING AS FAST.

FWAK

GOOD. SO WE KILL THESE F!@#$ AND SHE SHOULD BE EASY PICKINGS, RIGHT?

THUNK

ONE WOULD HOPE.

SCRRK

FWIK

WHAT DO YOU MEAN HOPE?

WHAT ELSE DOES SHE HAVE?

NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. WE'RE IN THE DESERT, SHOULDN'T MATTER.

SKRAK

WHEN ONE SAYS TO NOT WORRY, THAT USUALLY MEANS WORRY.

GOTTA SAY, I'M WITH VLAD ON THIS ONE. ***DON'T WORRY*** NEVER WORKS OUT.

SWISH

OKAY, LOOK, SHE CAN RAISE THE DEAD, BUT WE'RE IN THE DESERT. IT SHOULD BE OF NO CONCERN.

KRK

SURE, EXCEPT WE'RE IN THE LAS VEGAS DESERT.

AND?

AND THE PLACE WHERE GANGSTERS AND MURDERERS HAVE DUMPED A S!@# TON OF BODIES.

NASU, NASU, ARDANANU.*

*ANCIENT AKKADIAN

F!@# ME.

F!@# US ALL!

YES, GO FORTH AND KILL THEM. KILL THEM ALL.

JUST SAVE THEIR HEARTS FOR ME.

ERRG...

GRUH...

NYUUH...

ISN'T IT BEAUTIFUL, AESHMA, THE CHAOS?

YES, MY QUEEN, QUITE THE VISUAL DELIGHT. BUT ARE THESE ZOMBIES ENOUGH TO--

DO YOU BELIEVE ME STUPID, AESHMA?

MY QUEEN, I WOULD NEVER.

YET YOU QUESTION MY PLAN.

FWUMP

SLSH

SKSH

I'VE FOUGHT VAMPIRELLA ENOUGH TO KNOW SOME ZOMBIED-UP GANGSTERS ARE CHILD'S PLAY TO HER. AND THAT'S WITHOUT HELP.

THESE ANIMATED MAGGOT HIVES ARE MERELY A DISTRACTION.

"WHY CHASE THE MOUSE...

POP

SCRAPE

SQUIK

"...WHEN YOU CAN LEAD IT TO ITS DEATH WITH CHEESE."

SLASH

SLASH

BRING ME THE UGLY ONE.

AT ONCE, MY QUEEN.

STILL THINK THERE'S NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT?

BEING A SMART-ASS ISN'T HELPING OUR CAUSE.

SPOP

CRRK

WELL, EXCUSE THE F!@# OUT OF ME, SOME OF US AREN'T IMMORTAL.

SKRRK

I AM NOT THAT KIND OF VAMPIRE!!

WELL, YOU SURE AS F!@# ACT LIKE IT. ALWAYS WANTING TO BITE PEOPLE, STOMPING AROUND IN RIDICULOUS CLOTHES--

KEEP IT UP, LITTLE GIRL, AND I'LL SHOW YOU JUST WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE I AM!

PLEASE, DO NOT FIGHT. THERE ARE MORE PRESSING MATTERS.

LIKE ZOMBIE GANGSTERS.

SLASH

STAB

WELL, YOU TELL HER--

THIS IS HER--

BOTH OF YOU-- ENOUGH!

NOW, LET US--

HURR?

VLAD!!

MY ANGEL!

THIS IS *YOUR* FAULT.

MINE?! YOU'RE THE ONE WORRYING ABOUT WHAT TYPE OF VAMPIRE I AM.

WELL, YOUR F!@#$%^ MESMERIZING GAZE PROBABLY HAD VLAD ALL DISTRACTED.

SWIK

RRIP

KRAK

FIRST, I WASN'T USING MY GAZE. TWO, NOT MY FAULT WE HAVE A CONNECTION. JEALOUS?

PAP

UH, GROSS. VLAD IS LIKE A WEIRD BIG BROTHER TO ME.

CRCRACK

I WASN'T TALKING ABOUT VLAD.

UH, NO. YOU'RE NOT MY TYPE. I PREFER NON-BITING, NON-WING SPROUTING TYPES.

SUIT YOURSELF. "YOLO," AS THEY SAY.

FWOOP

CRNCH

NO ONE SAYS THAT ANYMORE. ALSO WE'RE FIGHTING THE RISEN DEAD, "YOLO" ISN'T A RELEVANT TERM.

THAT WAS THE LAST OF THEM. NOW WE GO AFTER VLAD.

YES, BUT THE QUESTION IS WHERE WOULD SHE HAVE TAKEN HIM.

SHE WOULDN'T RETURN TO THE WAREHOUSE. TOO PEDESTRIAN FOR HER AND FOR THE RITUAL.

SHE'LL WANT TO MAKE A SHOW OF IT, LOOKING TO IMPRESS THE CHAOS GOD.

SHE DEFINITELY SEEMS LIKE THE SHOWY TYPE.

SHE'LL MAKE IT OBVIOUS. SHE WANTS US TO FIND HER. IT'S WHY SHE TOOK VLAD.

DOWNTOWN VEGAS?

PROBABLY.

WELL, STRAP IN.

'CUZ S!@#'S ABOUT TO GET REAL AND FAST.

LOOK AT IT ALL, AESHMA. JUST SITTING THERE WAITING TO BE RULED.

THEY HAVE NO IDEA OF THE CHAOS THAT IS COMING.

IT SHALL BE AS BEAUTIFUL AS YOU ARE, MY QUEEN.

BUT WE STILL NEED THE FINAL HEART.

DON'T WORRY. VAMPIRELLA AND THE LITTLE SMART ASS ONE WILL BE HERE.

AND YOU HAVE NO WORRY THEY WON'T FIND US?

HOW COULD THEY NOT?

WE'RE ON TOP OF THE WORLD.

ALL THE OTHER HEARTS ARE SECURE?

YES, MY QUEEN.

PERFECT.

SOON, MY LOVE, MY DARK, MAD GOD OF CHAOS, YOU SHALL RETURN TO RULE MY HEART AND THE WORLD.

YOUR KNIFE, MY QUEEN. FRESHLY SHARPENED.

URRRR.

INDEED, IT IS.

DON'T WORRY, I HAVE NO PLANS TO KILL YOU. YET.

UNLESS YOUR FRIENDS DON'T SHOW UP, THEN I'LL TAKE YOUR HEART INSTEAD.

HRRN. THEY ARE GOING TO F!@# YOU UP.

THE HEART IS A LONELY KILLER
PART 5

HACK/SLASH vs. VAMPIRELLA #5A by CHRISSIE ZULLO

I USED TO BE SCARED OF THE WORLD.

GROWING UP IN THE BASEMENT OF A BUTCHER SHOP CAN DO THAT TO YOU.

MY ONLY FRIEND THEN WAS A COMIC BOOK CHIPMUNK.

MY ONLY FRIEND NOW IS THE TOUGHEST PERSON I KNOW.

SHE'S TAUGHT ME A LOT ABOUT FEAR.

HOW IT ISN'T THE **WORLD** YOU SHOULD BE SCARED OF...

...BUT THE PEOPLE IN IT.

I DO HOPE YOUR FRIEND AND VAMPIRELLA SHOW UP SOON OR I MAY HAVE TO USE *YOUR* HEART TO CALL FORTH MY DARK LORD.

SHE'S ALSO TAUGHT ME A LOT ABOUT FRIENDSHIP.

HRR. I THINK YOU SHOULD BE CAREFUL WHAT YOU WISH FOR.

HOW FRIENDS ARE FAMILY. AND FAMILY IS FOREVER.

SUCH BRAVADO. I WONDER IF YOU'LL HAVE IT AS YOU KNEEL BEFORE THE MAD GOD CHAOS?

I DO NOT KNEEL. I KILL.

AND THAT FAMILY IS ALWAYS THERE FOR EACH OTHER.

YOU KNOW, I WAS PLAYING NICE AND LETTING YOU LIVE LONG ENOUGH TO SEE YOUR FRIEND DIE AND THE RISEN GLORY OF YOUR NEW RULER, BUT...

NO MATTER THE SITUATION.

...I THINK I'M JUST GOING TO KILL YOU NOW.

YOU BETTER BACK THAT S!@# ON UP...

...'CUZ THE MUTHAF!@#$%' CAVALRY IS HERE!

I NEVER GOT TO THANK YOU FOR VIOLATING MY MIND.

HOW ABOUT WE SEE HOW MANY TIMES I CAN BOUNCE YOU OFF THE END OF MY BAT?

THINK YOU CAN HANDLE THE REST, VAMPIRELLA?

VAMPIRELLA?!

VAMPI...?

OH, MY SWEET, SWEET, BEAUTIFUL CREATURE, DID SHE HURT YOU?

YES, BUT BETTER NOW. HMM.

OR YOU CAN FREE VLAD. THAT WORKS, TOO.

BUT NOT FOR LONG!!

TAND

OH, NO, NO, NO, NO, NO.

DON'T ACT LIKE YOU DIDN'T JUST HEAR ME CALL DIBS ON KICKING YOUR ASS.

DISRESPECT ME?

YOU KISS THE BAT.

I'M GOING TO CARVE OUT YOUR HEART EVER SO SLOWLY.

YOU AIN'T THE FIRST TO SAY THAT.

AND YOU SURE AS HELL AIN'T GONNA BE THE FIRST TO *DO* IT.

FWAK

PUCKER--

UP?

CASSANDRA!

GO! I CAN HOLD THEM OFF.

LET GO OF MY FRIEND.

THIS IS NOT A REQUEST.

IT IS A WARNING.

SCLITCH

PWAK

I GAVE YOU FAIR WAR--

ECK!

LESS TALK. MORE ACTION.

VLAD!!

VLAD!!

YOU'RE GONNA F!@#$%'...

...PAY FOR THAT.

KRAK

KWOK

WHAP

SHRRRIP

DOES IT HURT?

CAN YOU MOVE?

YES.

BOTH.

WHICH?

WAIT HERE.

READY?

AND WILLING.

LET'S DO THIS!

YRAAH!

THIS IS WHERE IT ENDS FOR YOU, BLOOD QUEEN.

YOUR BODY GROWS WEAK, EVER MORE USELESS.

AND YOUR PARLOR TRICKS AIN'T LOOKING TOO GOOD EITHER.

IT'S OVER.

NO.

NOT QUITE.

WHAT THE F!@#?

ARE THESE REAL SNAKES OR ILLUSION SNAKES?

THEY'RE REAL.

F&@#F&@# F&@#F&@# F&@#!

IT'S AN ENDLESS SERPENT SPELL. LOW LEVEL, BUT IT HAS ITS USES.

THWOK

NO... HRR.

OH, HOW LONG I'VE WAITED TO GET THAT BEAUTIFUL HEART OF YOURS.

AND IF NOT FOR THE ETERNAL LOVE OF THE GLORIOUS MAD GOD CHAOS, I MIGHT BE SAD TO SEE OUR LITTLE CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME END.

JUST KNOW THAT I DO IT FOR LOVE.

HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU.

WHAT THE HELL DID YOU SAY?

I SAID HE DOESN'T LOVE YOU. I MEAN, THINK ABOUT IT.

HE'S GOT YOU RUNNING AROUND CUTTING PEOPLE UP, COLLECTING HEARTS AND S!@#.

SIX HEARTS HERE, SEVEN HEARTS THERE, ALL THE HEARTS EVERYWHERE.

NOW ASK YOURSELF, WHAT THE HELL HAS *HE* GOTTEN *YOU?*

HMM?

I'M GONNA BET HE AIN'T GOT YOU S!@#.

OH, WAIT. YOU GET TO SIT ON HIS LAP WHILE HE RULES THE F!@#$%' WORLD.

HE GETS A CROWN. YOU GET TO BE A CLOWN.

AND YOU UP HERE TALKIN' ABOUT LOVE?

DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ANY LOVE I KNOW.

BUT THAT'S JUST--

GET OFF OF HER!!

WRNCH

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED? WHERE'D THE SNAKES GO?

HER TETHER TO THE SPELL BROKE WHEN VLAD HIT HER.

WHERE THE F!@# *DID* THEY GO?

OVER.

VLAD!

HI.

WHAT THE F!@# WERE YOU THINKING? I HAD THAT S!@# UNDER CONTROL.

WEREN'T YOU LISTENING TO MY HOT TAKE?

YES. IT WAS VERY GOOD, BUT SHE WAS GOING TO HURT THE PRETTY ONE.

DAMMIT. I KNEW THAT MESMERIZING BULLS!@# OF YOURS WAS GONNA BITE US IN THE ASS AT SOME POINT.

OH, PLEASE. WHAT WE HAVE IS NATURAL.

HRRM. HELLO? IT'S DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN MY GRIP...

...BETWEEN MY WOUND AND HOLDING THE BLOOD QUEEN.

OF COURSE, MY SWEET.

I'LL JUST FLY AND GET HIM.

F!@# ME.

S!@#!

ARMS UP.

FOR WHAT?

TO FLY.

WE HAVE TO TRAP HER IN THE CARD.

DON'T WORRY. I HAVE A PLAN.

GOTCHA!

HERE. SHOVE THIS INTO HER MOUTH AND FAST.

I DIE. WE ALL--

UCK!

GOOD. NOW LET HER GO.

SPLAT

SO THAT'S IT, *HUH?* I WAS KINDA EXPECTING MORE.

LIKE SOME SUPERNATURAL FIREWORKS.

INSTEAD WE JUST GET A SPLAT AND SOME SMOKE.

SOMETIMES BIG THINGS END IN SMALL WAYS.

I KNOW, BUT AM I THE ONLY ONE DISAPPOINTED WE DIDN'T GET TO KICK A GOD'S ASS?

YES.

YES.

EH. LAME.

SO WHAT NOW?

I'LL TAKE THE CARD INTO MY PROTECTION AND--

NO, I MEAN WITH THE REST OF THE NIGHT.

CAN I SUGGEST A HOSPITAL?

I'M SURE WE CAN THINK OF SOMETHING.

OF COURSE, BUT AFTER THAT?

...TURNED OUT THE ROCK BAND WAS USING A CURSED GUITAR TO DO SOME SATANIC S!@#.

HAHA. I HAD AN EXPERIENCE LIKE THAT ONCE.

REALLY?

YEAH, I'VE SEEN SOME S!@#.

SAME.

YOU KNOW, I DIDN'T LIKE YOU MUCH AT FIRST, BUT I THINK YOU AND I ARE A LOT ALIKE.

I MEAN MINUS THE BLOODSUCKING AND ALL THAT S!@#.

BUT BESIDES THAT, I HOPE WE CAN MEET UP AGAIN.

THAT WOULD BE FUN. PLUS...

...I HAVEN'T SHOWN VLAD WHAT KIND OF VAMPIRE I REALLY AM.

HRRMM.

GROSS!

The End.

HACK/SLASH vs. CHAOS! PART 1

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS! #1A by TIM SEELEY

YO YO, IT'S YA BOI ***JOJO JAKO*** OF ***JOJO'S KILLER LIFE***, CHECKIN' IN WITH ALL TWENTY MILLION OF MY BEAUTIFUL FOLLOWERS FROM THE FAMOUS ***LAWRENCE MURDER CHURCH!***

I BROUGHT FIVE OF MY MOST DEVOTED FANS DOWN TO RURAL ***TENNESSEE*** SO YOU CAN WATCH US SPEND THE NIGHT IN THE SAME PLACE A PRIEST ONCE DONE GOT HIS HEAD CAVED IN!

YO, WE BLOWIN' UP IN HERE--

HEY. YO GIRL, BEHIND YOU. BEHIND--

SPLAK

SPLAK SPLAK

AIEEEE!

SPLAK

SPLAK

SPLAK

SPLAK

HRRM.

IS STILL ON, I THINK. =AHEM=

HELLO.

IS THIS THE YOU-TUBES? YOU LIKE TO SEE THINGS COME OUT OF PACKAGES, YES?

HURR HURR. I WILL MAKE SOMETHING COME FROM MY OWN PACKAGE IF YOU SEND MONEY TO--

VLAD!

HEADS UP OR HEADS OFF, CAM GIRL.

SSSSS--

SPLOOTCH

TUBERS OF YOU. SHE IS SLAYER OF MONSTERS, SMASHER OF ZOMBIES, AND HUNTER OF VAMPIRES.

SAY HELLO TO ***CASSIE HACK***, PLEASE.

AW, MAN. GOT A BAD CASE OF *GORE-EYE.*

KLK

MAKES IT HARD TO SEE WHAT KIND OF HISSING MONSTER IS STILL TWITCHING ON THE GROUND TODAY, YES?

SSSSSS...

SHUNK SHUNK

WAIT.

WE'VE GOT DEAD HALF-CLOTHED TEENAGERS DOING DESPERATELY STUPID THINGS IN A REMOTE LOCATION.

WE'VE GOT A CREEPY MASK.

SSSINNERSSSS...

SHUNK SHUNK SHUNK

AND I'D KNOW THAT MANTRA ANYWHERE.

THAT'S THE GRITTY, GROUNDED SEQUEL TO *FATHER WRATH.*

VLAD, WE'VE GOT FUCKING *SLASHERS--*

CASSANDRA!

DON'T WORRY YOUR BIG CAULIFLOWER HEAD!

SMILEY AND *EVIL ERNIE* ARE HERE!

(ERNIE, SEEN HERE, HOGGING THE GLORY.)

SHRRR

NO! THE *MEAT MONKEYS* GOT IT ALL WRONG! *CYBERLUTION* STALLED DEAD! THEY *CYBERVOLVED* INTO FRAT BROS DOING RETREAD *JACKASS* SHTICK!!

I HAVE TO SHOW THEM THE PATH FORWARD! ABANDON FAITH AND FLESH! *DIABOLIQ* RETURNS! *DIAB00101010100101--*

--0100101--

MMM. FRIED DOUCHEBAG.

HEY, VLAD. LONG TIME NO S--

RAAAAH!

SRACH

ONCE, I'D HAVE PULLED YOUR SKULL OUT YOUR ASS FOR THAT, AND THEN BROUGHT YOU BACK TO LIFE JUST TO WATCH YOU SHIT YOUR OWN HEAD.

RRAAAH!

BUT I KNOW YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN KINDA TERRITORIAL WHEN IT COMES TO CASSIE.

AND I'M A CHANGED MAN.

HRNGHK!

PUT *MY* PARTNER DOWN NICE, ERNIE, OR I'LL SHIT-HAMMER *YOURS* INTO TIN FOIL.

AND THEN, I'LL BE COMING FOR THE GUY WHO PUT ME BACK IN THE *SLASHER-KILLING BUSINESS.*

HEY, *THE ERNSTER* DIDN'T BRING THESE GUYS BACK. *IAN MATTHESON* SET THESE KIDS UP WITH FATHER WRATH.

IN FACT, THE BOSS HAS BEEN HUNTING THAT BINARY BITCH-BOY ACROSS FIVE STATES.

ERNIE ONLY KILLS EVIL DUDES NOW, AND SENDS THEIR SOULS TO THE BIG 'BLIVION, BABY.

IS THAT TRUE, *FAIRCHILD?*

I'VE MISSED YOU, CASSIE. I'M SO HAPPY I FOUND YOU AGAIN.

BECAUSE NOW WE'RE ON THE SAME SIDE.

HRGHK!

AH.

PLEASE. I'M NOT A KID ANYMORE.

YOU STEP ONE INCH CLOSER AND I'M INVITING YOU TO THE CORONATION OF *PRINCE ALBERT.*

VLAD AND I PUT AN END TO THE *SLASHER BLOODLINE.* THEY DON'T COME BACK ANYMORE.

I USE THE FREE TIME TO READ, KNIT, AND FUCK UP WEREWOLVES 'N' SHIT.

BUT, IN THE SPACE OF ONE EVENING, I'VE GOT TWO PSYCHOS I *PERSONALLY* PUT DOWN CHILLING IN THE SAME CHURCH AS A *TELEPATHIC ZOMBIE-RESURRECTING METALHEAD.*

YOU CAN SEE WHY I'M *BUNCHIN' UNDIES.*

I DUNNO WHAT'S BRINGIN' THEM BACK, CAS.

BUT I KNOW SOMEONE WHO CAN TELL US. LET ME TAKE YOU TO HER.

COME ON. DO YOU *REALLY* THINK I COULD LIE TO YOU AFTER WHAT WE'VE *SHARED?*

I'VE BEEN IN YOUR MIND. DEEP DIVED YOUR SOUL.

WE SHARED EACH OTHERS' LIVES.

FACED OUR CRUEL PARENTS TOGETHER. *BUFORD. DELILAH.*

MUTUALLY EXPERIENCED EVERY PAINFUL MOMENT.

WE CAME OUT THE OTHER SIDE UNDERSTANDING EACH OTHER BETTER THAN ANY TWO PEOPLE ON EARTH.

*SEE THE **HACK/SLASH** VOLUME 1 OMNIBUS FROM **IMAGE COMICS** AND **EVIL ERNIE: ORIGIN OF EVIL** FROM **DYNAMITE!***

NOT TO MENTION, I BROUGHT *YOU* BACK TO LIFE ONCE.

ALL RIGHT. FINE. WE GO.

WHAT?! CASSANDRA!!

C'MON, *SLOTH!* IT'S *ROAD TRIP* TIME!

HRRM.

SNRR...

SNRRR...

SNRRR...

SNRRR...

SNRRR...

HRMF!

LET! GO! ERNEST!

ERNIE! WHAT THE HELL *IS THIS?!* DID YOU *KIDNAP* THAT GIRL?

ARE YOU SUGGESTING IT'S BETTER TO ACTUALLY TALK TO PEOPLE?

THIS IS *VOODOO CHILDE*. SHE'S THE *NECROMANCER* I WAS TELLING YOU ABOUT--

BOKOR IS THE CORRECT TERM--!

ONE OF THE *CHOSEN*.

TUMP

OH. AND I ASSUME THAT'S A *CHOSEN* TOO?

NAH.

THAT'S *CHASTITY*, VAMPIRE ASSASSIN.

THOSE ARE THE CHOSEN.

ON ONE HAND, I'M INCLINED TO TELL THEM THIS IS A MISUNDERSTANDING AND THROW ERNIE UNDER THE BUS.

ON THE OTHER HAND, I COUNT TWO VAMPIRES, AND A ZOMBIE, AND LORD KNOWS *THOSE* MOTHERFUCKERS HAVEN'T DONE US ANY FAVORS LATELY.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE GREEN, BURNING THING IS, BUT I'M WILLING TO HIT IT WITH A BAT A FEW TIMES UNTIL I FIND OUT.

BUGFUCK MONSTER BASH SUICIDE RUN?

=SIGH=

HAIL TO THEE, *WARRIOR-CLERICS OF NOTT!*

HNGH!

HAIL *AGAIN-WALKERS* AND *JOTNAR!*

YOU ARE ALL CHILDREN OF *NIORUN!*

YOUR *GODDESS* COMMANDS THOU BURDEN NOT YOUR LIMBS WITH BLADES AND BLOOD! LET THE *CORPSE-RAVENS* GO HUNGRY THIS DAY...

...AND SHARE THIS, LIKE, EXCESSIVELY *FAT BLUNT* WITH ME AROUND THE CAMPFIRE?

CARCASS, RIP, OBLIVIA... HOLD UP, FAM.

VEX IS RIGHT. THE LOAS CONFIRM IT. THIS IS ALL JUST A STUPID MISTAKE.

APPARENTLY, ERNIE'S FIRST INSTINCTS ARE STILL OF THE "EVIL" VARIETY. HE WANTS TO TALK. THAT'S ALL.

EHN.

MS. CHASTITY. THE LOAS ALSO SAY WE NEED TO SMOKE UP WITH CASSIE AND VLAD, BECAUSE THE SUN IS COMING UP SOON, AND IT'S ALWAYS NICE TO HAVE SOME DAY-LIFE FRIENDS TO KEEP AN EYE ON OUR SHIT WHILE WE SLEEP.

ERNIE'S A TRAVELER ON THE REDEMPTION ROADS, SAME AS ME.

AND VOODOO'S NEVER STEERED US WRONG.

GO AHEAD AND RELAX, KIDS. YOU'VE EARNED IT.

AH. HRRM. CARCASS IS IT?

THAT... THAT IS MINE.

JUST DO IT FAST, MAN.

I'M REALLY HIGH, SO MAYBE I'M BEING PARANOID...

...BUT WERE THEY, LIKE... *REALLY NICE* FOR THINGS THAT WE USUALLY PUT STAKES THROUGH?

HRM. I THINK THEY ARE *KINDRED SPIRITS*...

...WHO ARE NOT SO CONCERNED WITH PRIVACY AND COMFORTS, YES?

NO SHIT. ALTHOUGH, I'LL TELL YA WHAT...

...I WOULDN'T MIND BEING PACKED IN NEXT TO THAT *CHASTITY* GIRL, RIGHT?

YES. HURR HURR.

PLEASE DO NOT TELL *VAMPIRELLA*.

THE CHILLING WAS NICE AND ALL, BUT I'M NO CLOSER TO FINDING OUT WHY I'M SUDDENLY *NIP DEEP* IN SLASHERS...

...BECAUSE YOUR BOKOR-BUDDY WAS AWFUL QUIET, ERN--

OH.

SNNNRT.

ALL *ZOMBI* EMBRACE SLEEP AND DREAM OF LIVES LIVED WHEN I ASK THEM TO.

URR?

I WHISPERED TO ERNIE ACROSS THE ETHERIC FIELDS. I LET HIM BELIEVE IT WAS HIS IDEA. I MADE HIM LOOK FOR YOU AND DRAW YOU HERE.

BECAUSE NONE WHO'VE CROSSED THE ROADS AND COME BACK CAN BE TRUSTED. NOT CHASTITY. NOT EVEN THE CHOSEN.

I NEED YOU, CASSIE, AND VLAD.

PAPA LEGBA DOESN'T SPEAK TO ME ANYMORE. THE CROSSROAD IS UNGUARDED. THE GATES ARE WIDE OPEN.

THE UNDEAD ARE RETURNING.

EVERY RESTLESS SPIRIT. EVERY VAMPIRE. EVERY ZOMBIE.

EVERY ***VENGEFUL REVENANT*** THAT YOU'VE DESTROYED.

INCLUDING THE ONE WHO PUT YOU ON THIS PATH.

THE WOMAN WHO MURDERED YOUR CLASSMATES. WHO DESTROYED YOUR WORLD.

DELILAH HACK, THE ***LUNCH LADY.***

YOUR MOM, ***CASSIE.***

YOU PUT HER NAME IN YOUR MOUTH, YOU BETTER BE ABLE TO BACK IT UP, BABY.

FROM THE MOMENT YOU SAW THE OTHERS, IT'S THE FEAR THAT'S LURKED IN THE BACK OF YOUR MIND THAT YOU RESISTED PUTTING INTO WORDS.

YOU KNOW IT'S TRUE BECAUSE YOU FEEL HER COMING.

NEAR.

ALWAYS NEARER.

THERE *IS* A WAY TO STOP THE DELUGE OF UNCLEAN SOULS. THERE'S AN ANCIENT MAGICAL BLADE FORGED FROM THE ORES OF THE ***OTHERSIDE.***

WHEN ***DRAUGSPLITTER*** IS PLUNGED INTO THE ANVIL IT WAS FORGED ON, IT'LL SEVER THE ARTERIES THAT FEED ALL UNDEAD AND SEND THEIR SOULS BACK TO THE UNDERWORLDS THEY ESCAPED.

MOUNT UP, PARTNER.

CASSANDRA. PLEASE. WE... WE...

HRM.

YES. AFTER YOU, MS. CHILDE.

LET'S GO NOW BEFORE THE *SUPER MONSTERS* WAKE UP.

AGREED.

KISS IT

FAIRCHILD.

I...

I KNOW YOU'D UNDERSTAND.

THERE'S ONLY ONE LITTLE HITCH.

NO SHIT?

DRAUGSPLITTER WAS TAKEN FROM ITS NATIVE LANDS, AND IS CURRENTLY IN THE POSSESSION OF SOMEONE...

...VERY FUCKING DANGEROUS.

I HAVE FORGED NEW CHAINS TO CONTAIN THIS ONE'S... FEISTY SOUL, LORD LUCIFER.

THANK YOU, CREMATOR. PERHAPS SHE WILL STOP RESISTING, AND ACCEPT THAT HER BODY SERVES A HIGHER PURPOSE NOW...

"SHE'S GOING TO RAIN JUSTICE UPON MY GREATEST ENEMIES.

"BEGINNING WITH *SAKKARA OF ALEXANDRIA.*

"*CASSANDRA HACK* WILL BRING HELL TO *PURGATORI.*"

HACK/SLASH vs. CHAOS! PART 2

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS! #2A by **TIM SEELEY**

ACHILL ISLAND. IRELAND.

THREE WEEKS AGO.

BHN. BUH. HUH...

BUH. BITCH TOOK ME BLOOD.

GOT TO WARN THE MASTER, THEN...

AH, HELL...

QUITE THE GAME WE PLAY, EH, LASS?

I MAKE YE. I KILL YE.

YE BRING ME BACK TO LIFE.

'ROUND AND... *HNH*... AROUND WE GO.

YES, ***RATH***, OLD FRIEND. AROUND AND AROUND. AND WHERE IT STOPS...

IT'S ALL FUN N' GAMES INNIT? SO, YE CAN GO AHEAD TAKE WHATEVER YE LIKE, ***SAKKARA***. THE GOLDEN HELM, OR THAT SPIKY GLOVE THAT'S GOT NO LOVE FOR ME ANYWAY.

BUT THAT SWORD.

CHUK

WELL... YOU KNOW.

WHAT IT DOES. WHAT IT *COULD* DO.

YE DON'T... YE CANNOT UNDERSTAND.

OH, BUT I CAN, SIRE.

WHOEVER HOLDS THE HILT OF *DRAUGSPLITTER* HOLDS THE KEY TO *ABSOLUTE POWER.*

SLSH

AND POWER BELONGS TO *PURGATORI.*

SAN YSIDRO, NEW MEXICO.

NOW.

SCRUB SCRUB

SHOP

EVEN WHEN OPEN ROAD CALLS

FEET, UNDER ARMS AND MOST IMPORTANTLY--

EEP.

CASSANDRA?!

WHAT'S THE DEAL, VLAD?

YOU HEARD ME. YOU HESITATED.

USUALLY YOU'RE LIKE, "YES, CASSIE! WHERE TO, CASSIE? YOU WANT TO CHASE THIS SLASHER THROUGH A SEWER WHILE COVERED IN OPEN SORES? ANYTIME, CASSIE!"

BUT WHEN I MADE THE CALL THAT WE SHOULD GET THIS FUCKING SWORD THAT CAN PUT AN END TO ALL UNDEAD EVERYWHERE, YOU HESITATED.

NOW, QUICKLY, BEFORE VOODOO CHILDE GETS DONE MAKING JAMBALAYA IN THE LADIES ROOM: SPILL.

YOU WANT TO PREVENT THE LUNCH LADY... YOUR ***MOTHER*** FROM COMING BACK. I UNDERSTAND, YES.

BUT, CASSANDRA, YOU FORGET... ***I*** HAVE BEEN BROUGHT BACK FROM THE DEAD. ***YOU*** HAVE, TOO.

WHAT IF SENDING ALL UNDEAD BACK TO THE GRAVE MEANS SENDING OURSELVES, AS WELL?

VLAD. WE'VE SPENT THE LAST FEW YEARS TRYING TO STOP SHIT THAT SHOULD BE DEAD FROM KILLING PEOPLE.

"EVERY SINGLE TIME WE DID THAT, WE WERE RISKING GETTING SENT TO THE GRAVE. EVERY SINGLE TIME.

"NOW WE'VE GOT A CHANCE TO PUT EVERYTHING RIGHT WITH ONE SWING OF THIS DROWSPITTER OR WHATEVER IT'S CALLED.

"ISN'T IT WORTH IT TO DO IT ONE LAST TIME, IF IT MEANS WE SEND ALL THAT EVIL STRAIGHT BACK TO HELL FOREVER?"

HRM. YES. YES, IT IS WORTH IT.

AND I... I CANNOT BE THE ONE WHO KILLS *YOU*.

BUT WHEN IT COMES TIME TO USE THE SWORD, IT MUST BE YOU, CASSANDRA.

I HAVE BEEN THROUGH MUCH TO SURVIVE. SO MUCH TO COME BACK.

I CANNOT KILL MYSELF.

VOODOO?!

OUTSIDE WOODRUFF, ARIZONA.

RIP.

VEX.

WHAT'S GOING ON, MS. CHASTITY? WHERE ARE HACK AND HER PARTNER?

GONE. WHILE WE SLEPT THROUGH THE DAYLIGHT. THEY TOOK *VOODOO CHILDE*...

CHASTITY. VAMPIRE ASSASSIN.

CARCASS.

OBLIVIA.

THE CHOSEN.

...AND LEFT *FAIRCHILD* AND HIS DEMON BUTTON IN THIS... STATE.

DAMN. YOU CAN'T TRUST NOBODY THESE DAYS, MAN.

EVIL ERNIE LOOKS LIKE HE RAN DOWN HIS BATTERIES. ME 'N' HIM ARE BOTH POWERED BY ARCANE ENERGIES...

MAYBE HE JUST NEEDS A BOOST.

SHROOOM

RAAAH! GET OFFA ME, ASSHOLE!

WHOA! CHILL, HAIR-HELMET!

FAIRCHILD! YOU'VE BEEN OUT COLD FOR HOURS. WHAT HAPPENED?

I... THERE WAS A VOICE IN MY HEAD. NOT LIKE THE USUAL VOICES. NO LAUGHING, NO CRUELTY.

IT WAS CALM. I FELT LIKE I WAS DREAMING AGAIN. LIKE I HAVEN'T SINCE SHE LEFT.

IT WAS YOUR SEXY LITTLE WITCH THAT DONE IT! SHE CAST A SPELL ON THE BOSS!

B.

SHE USED ME TO FIND CASSIE.

SHE WANTS TO HELP HER... TO KILL US ALL FOR GOOD. VAMPIRES. ZOMBIES. DEMONS.

SLASHERS.

THAT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE. VOODOO IS OUR FRIEND.

AND UNLIKE THE REST OF US... SHE'S HUMAN.

NOT NOW, VEX. UNLESS YOU PLAN ON GODDESSING OUT, WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR MUSIC.

BUT, *RASHAD*, WE CAN FIND VOODOO AND THE HACK GIRL.

WE JUST NEED TO FOLLOW THE PLAYING...

"...OF THE FLUTE."

Sahara
Night Galle

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO.

SEE SOMETHING YOU LIKE?

NOT REALLY. TOO CRUNCHY GRANOLA FOR MY TASTES.

OH? PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE ME TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING A LITTLE MORE... DANGEROUS.

SKRNCH

OH. EW, YOU'VE GOT, LIKE... BUGS.

I BELIEVE YOU CAN SEE YOURSELF OUT?

YOU SHOULD MAYBE SEE SOMEONE ABOUT THAT.

YES. I HAVE AN EXPERT ON STAFF...

MWA MWA MWA. WHO'S A GOOD BOY? YESSIR. WHO?!

YOU'RE ALL GOOD BOYS.

NO ONE GETS INTO MS. SAKKARA'S HOUSE WITHOUT KNEELING FOR GOOD OL' *BLATTIDAE, THE ROACH QUEEN.*

W-WHAT THE HELL HAVE WE GOTTEN OURSELVES INTO?!

RRANGH!

DELIGHTFUL, ISN'T SHE?

I FOUND HER IN NAPLES ON ONE OF MY RECENT ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXCURSIONS.

YOU SEE, ANYTHING I WANT BELONGS TO *PURGATORI*...

...INCLUDING THE BLOOD OF THREE WAYWARD INTRUDERS.

HNH?

HM. MORTALS ALL BLEND TOGETHER AFTER 300 YEARS, BUT YOU'RE ALL FAINTLY FAMILIAR TO ME. FOLLOWERS OF MY BELOVED *CHASTITY*, I BELIEVE.

ANGH!

"MONSTER HUNTERS" COME TO DO WHAT THE PATHETIC VAMPIRE ASSASSIN COULD NEVER DO, *HM*?

YOU KNOW, I OFTEN FIND MYSELF SURROUNDED BY YOUNG PEOPLE.

NOT FOR LONG OF COURSE, BUT WHILE THEY'RE ALIVE I FIND MYSELF LEARNING OF THE LITTLE GAMES THEY PLAY.

HNGH!

ONE OF THE GAMES THEY PLAY IS CALLED "MARRY FUCK KILL." YOU'VE PROBABLY HEARD OF IT.

WELL, I'D LIKE TO TRY A VARIATION ON THIS GAME. I WAS MARRIED ONCE, AND I FIND THE INSTITUTION TO BE PLAGUED WITH BETRAYAL, MURDER AND REVENGE. THUS, MY VERSION WILL BE CALLED "KILL, KILL, FUCK."

THE MISSHAPEN BEAST MAN IS CLEARLY OFF THE TABLE. AND WHILE THE BLACK GIRL IS QUITE BEAUTIFUL, I'M HUNGRIER THAN HORNY AT THE MOMENT.

BUT YOU. THE LEATHER COLLAR. THE ATTITUDE. THE SELF-CONFLICT.

YOU REMIND ME OF CHASTITY. *THAT* PLEASES YOUR GODDESS GREATLY.

PREPARE YOURSELF, GIRL. THERE'S NO SAFE WORD.

I INVOKE--

--THE FLAME.

FWOOOSH

NO! MY BABIES--

FWOOOSH

NO.

AAANNGH!

KRASH

HNGH. HNGH.

THAT BEAUTIFUL CHILD. SHE...

ANGH!

...SHE COST A SIGNIFICANT AMOUNT TO SHIP HOME!

FWOOOSH

AH. HUH.

YOUR UNIQUE SKULL WILL MAKE A WELCOME ADDITION TO MY TROPHY ROOM, MISSHAPEN ONE.

IN DEATH, YOU CAN WATCH ME GIVE PLEASURE AND PAIN TO THOUSANDS.

HEY, PURGATORI! YOU WANNA FUCK ME?

KRAK

AHK!

YOU BETTER BE ABLE TO TAKE IT *HARD*.

A STICK.

YOU DARED STRIKE AN IMMORTAL GODDESS WHO RULES OVER ALL CREATURES OF THE NIGHT...

...WITH A STICK?!

HURR. THAT... IS NOT A STICK.

WOOM

I, WHO HAVE FEASTED UPON *CHAOSLORDS*. WHO HAS CONQUERED *DRACULA*. WHO HAS MURDERED HER SIRE AGAIN AND AGAIN.

I, SAKKARA OF ALEXANDRIA, MUST ENTERTAIN A GIRL WITH A STICK?!

FFH. Y'KNOW WHAT? *VAMPIRELLA* NEVER LET ME GET THE DROP ON HER.

RAAAH!

WAPASH

YOU WILL BE AN EXAMPLE. I WILL HANG YOUR CORPSE HIGH FOR ALL WOULD BE "MONSTER HUNTERS" TO SEE.

WHAP

BETTER HIT ME AGAIN AND MAKE IT *REAL* UGLY.

'CUZ. YOU. AIN'T. SHIT.

RAAA--

--AAAAH!!

HNH--!

SLUTCH

FWUMP

DRAUGSPLITTER.

IT VIBRATES. IT FEELS... GOOD TO HOLD. SO GOOD.

AH.

PLEASE. TAKE IT.

THE FIRE. THAT WAS LIKE NO VOODOO MAGICS I HAVE SEEN. AND I HAVE SEEN CHUCKY.

WHEN THE LOA LEFT THE CROSSROADS... THEY TOOK MY ACCESS TO THEIR POWER WITH THEM.

I HAD TO LOOK FOR... ALTERNATIVE SOURCES.

CASSIE. *SACRÉ BLEU.* HOW ARE YOU STANDING?

WHAT, THIS? I'VE CUT MYSELF WORSE SHAVING.

THE IMPORTANT THING IS THAT WE'VE GOT THE SWORD.

TO GET RID OF ALL THE SLASHERS, WE JUST NEED TO RETURN IT TO WHERE IT WAS FORGED, RIGHT?

SO, WHERE'S THAT? SWEDEN? THIS THING IS METAL AS SHIT. GOTTA BE SWEDEN.

NO. NOT SWEDEN.

IT WAS CREATED ON THE POLESTAR BETWEEN THE WORLDS OF THE LIFE AFTER.

TO GET THERE, WE HAVE TO GO THROUGH THE ***WOUND IN WORLDS.***

IT'S IN THE SUBURBS OF CHICAGO.

OF COURSE IT IS.

LATER.

CAN YOU HEAR IT? THE FLUTE OF KOKOPELLI! I SHOULD BE ***VERY FERTILE*** TODAY, ***CARCASS!***

THAT'S NICE, ***VEX.***

HEY, LET HER BE WEIRD. IF IT WASN'T FOR HER WEIRD GODDESS BRAIN, WE'D BE POKING AROUND IN THE DUST.

WE'RE CLEAR ON THIS SIDE... EXCEPT FOR ONE ***VERY DEAD*** PURGATORI.

EVERYTHING IS INTACT IN THE TROPHY ROOM SAVE ONE MISSING ARTIFACT. THE LABEL SAID "DRAUGSPLITTER."

WHAT EVEN IS THIS SHIT?

ONLY ONE PERSON KNOWS. THE MOST EVIL, VILE, MANIPULATIVE INSATIABLE MONSTER THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.

WHICH MEANS WE HAVE A CHOICE. THE DEVIL WE KNOW...

"...OR THE DEVIL WE *DON'T.*"

I RETURN FROM THE *FIELDS OF MURDER* WITH A DELIVERY, *LORD LUCIFER.*

IT WAS SO DARK AND I COULDN'T HEAR, DON'T YOU KNOW? I'M SO WORRIED. HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

GOOD. EVENTS PROCEED, *CREMATOR,* BUT AT A PACE I FIND RATHER BORING AND PREDICTABLE.

I FOUND HER IN THE SEVENTH CIRCLE, AND PLUCKED HER FROM THE BOILING BLOOD.

I DARESAY THE OTHER TORMENTED WERE HAPPY TO SEE HER GO.

IS MY LITTLE CASSIE SAFE?

OR DO I HAVE TO KILL SOME MORE OF THEM NO-GOOD BOYS?

YES.

PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO INJECT A LITTLE ***CHAOS***.

HACK/SLASH vs. CHAOS! PART 3

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS! #3A by **TIM SEELEY**

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

FORMER SITE OF CEUTOTECH PHARMACEUTICALS.

KRRRSH

MAKE IT MR. NICE GUY...

THAT WAS AWESOME! THERE'S, LIKE, NOTHING LEFT!

HEY, LOOKIT MY LIGHT-UP SCHLONG.

TUNK

Y'HEAR THAT?

SHIT... IT'S PROBABLY ONE OF THE DREAM SLAVES THEY KEPT IN HERE. ALL LOBOTOMIZED AND LIMPING AROUND LOOKING FOR BRAINS.*

*SEE ALICE COOPER VS CHAOS!

WHATEVER. THAT'S A DUMB RUMOR. I'M SURE THERE WAS A GIANT LIZARD FLOPPING AROUND IN HERE, TOO. I'M SURE.

THERE WAS. WHAT, I DIDN'T TELL YOU ABOUT THE THREE-FOOT LONG SCALE I FOUND IN HERE LAST WEEK?

SHUT UP.

NO, SERIOUSLY. I GRABBED IT BEFORE ANYONE ELSE COULD GET IT. THIS PLACE ATTRACTS ALL KINDS OF WEIRDOS.

HH. THE DREAMS WHISPER.

THEY WILL NOT CEASSS-- GHK!

SPLURCH

BLEH! I'M THE SLENDER MAN OR WHATEVER YOU'RE SCARED OF THESE DAYS! SOOO SLENNDERRR!

AHHH!

AH, SHIT!

THE WAKING MAN. HE BLEW UP YEARS AGO AT THE CEUTOTECH OFFICE IN MINNEAPOLIS.

GLURRGHK!

PUTS A NICE LITTLE BOW ON IT TO DO HIM AGAIN, HERE, DON'T IT?

GIMME.

HM. YOU CANNOT USE YOUR BAT?

WHAT'S THE POINT OF HAVING A MAGICAL SWORD WITH A BADASS NAME LIKE DRAUGSPLITTER IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA USE IT?

THE UNDEAD ARE COMING BACK FASTER NOW. WE HAVE TO PLUG THE FLOW BEFORE WE'RE ALL UP TO OUR NUTS IN SLASHERS.

SPLUTCH

VOODOO CHILDE, FIND THIS WOUND ON THE WORLD.

I'LL DO AS THE LOAS WILL, MS. HACK.

SHLAK

SPLAK

SPLURK

SLITCH

VLAD, YOU GUARD HER.

AND YOU, CASSANDRA? WHAT ABOUT YOU?

I CAN FEEL IT. PULSING THROUGH THE METAL.

"UNDEAD HEARTS BEATING RECYCLED BLOOD.

"FASTER THAN USUAL. NERVOUS.

"AFRAID.

"WE'VE GOT COMPANY.

"THE CHOSEN ARE HERE."

CARCASS.

OBLIVIA.

CHASTITY.

VEX.

RIP.

EVIL ERNIE & SMILEY.

YOU SHOULD HAVE KNOWN HACK WOULD COME HERE. THIS IS WHERE THE BARRIERS WERE BROKEN.

WHERE *SHE* CAME THROUGH.

PURGATORI.

BUT THAT WOULD HAVE ELIMINATED YOUR EXCUSE TO BRING ME BACK FROM OBLIVION WITH YOUR SWEET BLOOD, *CHASTITY*.

AND I KNOW HOW MUCH YOU WANT US TO SHARE *OTHER* FLUIDS--

SLAM

OWNED, BITCH!

SHE MAY BE SPLIT IN HALF, BUT ALL THAT REALLY JUST MEANS IS THERE'S TWICE AS MUCH PURGATORI TO BETRAY US. YOU AND *SMILEY* WILL STAY HERE TO GUARD HER, *FAIRCHILD*.

BUT, CHAS! ME 'N' CASSIE--

SHARE A HISTORY. I KNOW. AND THAT MAKES YOU COMPROMISED.

THIS IS A JOB FOR AN *ASSASSIN*.

COVER GROUND FAST, MY *CHOSEN*. SPLIT UP.

CASSIE HACK HAS A BLADE THAT CAN SEVER THE VEINS OF DARK MAGICK ON WHICH WE ALL FEED. IF WE DON'T STOP HER, WE ALL DIE...

"...FOREVER THIS TIME."

HERE. THIS DOOR. THE LOAS SAY SO.

WHERE THE VANIR ENTERED THE LIVING WORLD FROM THEIR CROSSROADS.

WHERE JORMUNGANDR AND THE QUEEN OF SORROWS, MISTRESS HEL, USED LEONARD PRICE'S DREAM PROBE TECHNOLOGY TO INVADE THE LAND OF NIGHTMARES.

THE WOUND IS SCABBED OVER, BUT NOT FULLY HEALED.

HRM. WELL, GET TO PICKING AT IT THEN, YES?

YOU'RE TOUCHY. I GET IT. IT HURTS TO REALIZE YOU CAN'T TRUST THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU ANYMORE. I KNOW.

THE PEOPLE AROUND YOU WERE ALL MONSTERS. CASSIE IS NOT A MONSTER.

BUT YOU SEE THERE'S SOMETHING IN HER NOW. A DRIVE SHE HASN'T HAD IN A LONG TIME. ALMOST... DESPERATION.

HRM. THIS MISSION *IS* IMPORTANT.

THE RETURN OF ALL SLASHERS MUST BE STOPPED OR MANY OF INNOCENTS WILL DIE.

BUT, I WORRY THAT THE RETURN OF THE ***LUNCH LADY***... OF HER MOTHER...

...MIGHT GIVE CASSANDRA AN EXCUSE TO DO ***WHATEVER*** IT TAKES.

"I FEAR IT WILL GIVE HER PERMISSION...

"...TO CROSS ***ALL LINES.***"

WE'RE PLAYING GAMES, *HUH?* I KNOW THIS ONE.

GHOST IN THE GRAVEYARD, BABY!!

AH, SHIT.

RRAH!

SHUNK

HNH. I'LL GIVE IT TO YA, THAT WAS SPOOKY SHIT. BUT COME ON, FAM.

I'M THREE HUNDRED FIFTY POUNDS OF MUMMY.

YA THINK A SWORD IS GONNA GIVE ME... MUH... MUHNNN...

SUNN

ANNNGH!

IT HAS TO BE DONE.

WUMP

YOU HAVE TO DIE.

"ONE.

SKREEE!

RRRAAAH!

"BY.

"ONE."

GHK--!

OWIE.

COME ON. DO IT! PULL YOUR NEAT LITTLE TRICK! MAKE IT A FAIR FIGHT!

I'VE GOT A GOD SWORD! TURN INTO THE DARK ELF GODDESS AND LET'S SWING COCK LIKE ***RAGNAROK!***

OH YES. I ALWAYS LOVED POETRY.

I WAS SO SAD WHEN THE RHYMES STOPPED FILLING MY HALL OF DUSK. WHEN THE SONGS STOPPED BECKONING ME TO WAKE UP FROM MY DAYSLEEP.

WHEN MEN ***FORGOT*** ME.

I DIED AS A ***GODDESS*** ONCE ALREADY, MY BEAUTIFUL ***DAUGHTER.***

I THINK... I THINK IT'D BE NICE TO DIE...

...AS A HUMAN--=<

WHAT DID YOU DO?!

SLICH

WHAT'S WRONG, CHASTITY? YOU THOUGHT I COULD SPEND YEARS WATCHING SLASHERS *HUNT DOWN* TEENAGERS--

--AND NOT *LEARN* A FUCKING THING OR TWO?

THEY HELPED YOU! THEY TRUSTED THAT YOU WERE ON THEIR SIDE!

SLCH

THEY WERE LOST CHILDREN!

AND THEY WERE JUST TRYING TO MAKE THE NIGHT SAFE.

LIKE YOU!

KRAK

SORRY, HOTPANTS-HITMAN. YOU'RE WRONG.

THEY WERE NICE ENOUGH KIDS, YEAH. BUT THEY'RE NOT LIKE ME.

SPT

THEY'VE ALREADY LIVED THEIR LIVES, AND THOSE LIVES ENDED.

SWSH

SHANG

NO ONE IS SUPPOSED TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE ONCE THEY'RE GONE.

SHANG

BECAUSE THE *LIVING* HAVE TO LIVE THEIR *OWN* LIVES.

NOT HAVE THEM DESTROYED WHEN ONE OF THE UNDEAD SNAPS AND ACES A BUNCH OF KIDS IN A CAFETERIA.

TOK

SHUNK

SO IT MADE *THIS SWORD.*

YOU. *THE CHOSEN.* MY MOM. YOU'RE ALL THE MISTAKE OF THE UNIVERSE AND IT KNOWS IT.

HRRRCH!

SHLUK

IT MADE *ME.*

BEAUTIFUL.

HELL. LUCIFER'S REALM.

PERHAPS IT IS HARD TO TRULY APPRECIATE SUCH A THING WHILE *LORD LUCIFER* PRANCES ABOUT THE MORTAL REALM IN YOUR FLESH, *MS. CHILDE.*

BUT I FORGED DRAUGSPLITTER WITH MY OWN TWO HANDS, TO CUT LOOSE CORRUPTED STRANDS OF REALITY THAT THREATENED US ALL.

INFINITELY SHARP. PERFECTLY BALANCED. IT IS MY FINEST WORK.

EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ITS PERFECTION IS ALLURING AS EVER. ITS POWER STILL SO... SO...

I BELIEVE, *CREMATOR*...

...YOU WERE GOING TO SAY "*CORRUPTING.*"

RRRAAAH!

I'LL FORGIVE THIS INDESCRETION, AS IT'S SIMPLY EVIDENCE OF YOUR CREATION PERFORMING ITS INTENDED TASK.

AH, MS. CHASTITY MARKS, ON HER WAY TO ME, ALONG WITH HER YOUNG BROOD.

OUR EFFORTS ARE PAYING OFF IN SPADES.

HM. BUT IT SEEMS A NEW PLAYER MAY BE ENTERING THE GAME SOON.

NOT SO PREDICTABLE AFTER ALL.

BUT I'VE ALREADY MOVED MY DEFENSES INTO POSITION.

SIT BACK, MY FRIENDS. ENJOY THE SHOW.

AND WATCH A MASTER PUPPETEER AT WORK.

HNNH. HUNNH.

IT'S DONE.

MY SPELL SPLITS THE SKY LIKE THE THUNDER OF ***SHANGO***, AND BARRIERS ONCE UNSEEN ARE SEEN.

REFLECTIONS ONCE OBSCURED IN DARKNESS...

...ARE REVEALED.

BOO.

WHAT... WHAT HAPPENED?

DON'T GET ALL ***VLAD*** ON ME, OKAY? WE GOTTA GO.

CASSANDRA.

"LOOK, I TOOK CARE OF A FEW DROPS. THAT'S ALL.

"BUT VOODOO SAID THE DIKE BROKE AND THE FLOOD IS COMING."

WELL, I'M A LITTLE DUTCH BOY.

AND THIS IS MY FUCKING FINGER.

C'MON, THAT SHIT WAS *HARD ASS!* I EXPECTED SOME KIND OF REACTION.

WE'RE HERE.

WHERE THE BLADE WAS FORGED. ON THE POLESTAR BETWEEN THE WORLD AND THE WORLDS OF THE LIFE AFTER.

OH.

THE *NEXUS OF ALL THINGS.*

HA. HA HA HA.

SHE'S GOT A LAUGH LIKE TEETH ON A CHALKBOARD.

WHAT'S SO DAMN FUNNY, SAKKARA?

YOU, *ERNEST FAIRCHILD. YOU* MAKE ME LAUGH.

ONCE, YOU WERE A THRALL OF THE DEATH GODDESS *HEL*. ONCE, YOU COULD RAISE LEGIONS OF CORPSES TO DO YOUR COMMAND. YOU ABANDONED MOST OF THAT POWER WHEN YOU DENIED HER LOVE TO SAVE "INNOCENTS."

BUT DEEP DOWN IN YOUR ROTTED HEART YOU CAN STILL SENSE DEATH'S ARRIVAL, JUST AS I CAN SENSE THE SPILLING OF WARM BLOOD.

WHAT'S FUNNY, *"EVIL?"*

THE CHOSEN AND CHASTITY WERE GOING TO DIE.

AND YOU KNEW IT.

WUMP

AGHK!

I WAS IN DENIAL THAT CASSIE WOULD GO THIS FAR. THAT SHE'D BECOME WHAT I USED TO BE.

MEGADEATH IS COMIN'.

AW, NAW, ERNIE. NOT THAT.

NOT A GODDAMN DREAM PROBE.

THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIX THIS, SMILEY.

I GOTTA BECOME WHAT I USED TO BE.

BECAUSE NOW MORE THAN EVER, I NEED HER.

I NEED YOU, MISTRESS HEL.

HACK/SLASH vs. CHAOS! PART 4

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS! #4A by **TIM SEELEY**

THE NEXUS OF ALL THINGS.

IN THE CENTER OF EVERYTHING AND NOTHING. BETWEEN WHAT IS AND WHAT COULD BE.

AN ESCALATOR.

THIS PLACE NEEDS AN ESCALATOR, *VLAD*. MAGIC-ASS SWORDS ARE FUCKING HEAVY.

CASSANDRA. LOOK.

GOD.

I CAN'T EVEN... IT'S SO BRIGHT. ALMOST... ABSTRACT. *VOODOO*, IS THAT--?

THE *SINGULARITY ANVIL*.

EACH SILVER THREAD CONNECTS A SOUL THAT HAS DIED TO AN UNDEAD BODY IN THE EARTH WORLDS.

WHERE THEY INTERSECT IS THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE BLADE YOU HOLD IN YOUR HANDS, CASSIE.

I'VE SPENT MY ENTIRE GODDAMN ADULT LIFE CUTTING THE THREADS OF *VAMPIRES*, *ZOMBIES* AND *SLASHERS* ONE BY ONE.

TIME TO BATCH THIS SHIT.

STAY YOUR HAND, GIRL!

THE CHOICE OF WHERE SOULS ARE BORNE UPON THEIR DEATH IS THE BURDEN OF THE *VALKYRIE!*

AND YOUR GUIDE TO *THE AFTERLIFE*, LITTLE WARRIOR...

...IS *VULNAVIA!*

SHRAK

KLANG

I GUARD THIS PLACE SO THAT MY SISTERS MAY PASS. AND THOUGH YOU FIGHT VALIANTLY, *CASSANDRA HACK*, I CANNOT BRING YOU TO *VALHALLA*.

GHOOM

YOUR SOUL HAS ALREADY BEEN CLAIMED BY ANOTHER.

GHOOM

THIS IS TOO MUCH, YES?! WE HUNT STRANGE MEN IN MASKS!

FIGHT WALKING CORPSES WITH KNIVES AND AXES! SHE CANNOT--

SHE *CAN*. SHE HAS THE BLADE.

"AND THE BLADE HAS HER."

RELENT, CHILD. ACCEPT YOUR PUNISHMENT IN THE LANDS BEYOND. REPENT AND BE GIVEN ANOTHER CHANCE WHEN YOU ARE REBORN WITH THE REST OF THE WORLD.

NNH. NO.

NO ONE COMES BACK!

NOT! EVER!

SLASH

AH.

BUT... CHILD...

...IF NONE MAY RETURN FROM DEATH... HOW WILL MEN KNOW...

...WHAT *GLORY* AWAITS THEM FOR A *LIFE WELL-LIVED?*

AN ANGEL.

CASSIE...

I KILLED A REAL LIVE ANGEL, VLAD.

THE CHOSEN. CHASTITY.

I--I KILLED THEM ALL.

VLAD...

WHAT... WHAT AM I *DOING?*

OH NO. NO NO NO.

THIS *WILL NOT* DO!

NOT WHEN SHE'S SO DAMNED CLOSE!

MASTER *LUCIFER*. ALL IS NOT LOST. YOUR *CHAOS AGENT* WAITS.

SLAM

YES... YES. YOU HAVE THE PATIENCE AND INSIGHT OF A BLACKSMITH, *CREMATOR*.

AND YOU SEE THAT THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR.

THE BODY OF THE WITCH AT HER SIDE IS STILL MY *VESSEL*.

ALL UNFOLDS JUST AS *LUCIFER MORNINGSTAR* INTENDED.

THERE ARE NO SOULS I CANNOT CORRUPT.

"THERE ARE NO PUPPETS WHOSE STRINGS I DO NOT PULL."

IT IS OKAY, LITTLE CASSANDRA.

LOOK, WE REALLY DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS.

EVERY SECOND YOU SPEND FEELING GUILTY-- *NNH.*

VOODOO?

OOOHH... OPEN THE GATE...

HURR. WHAT IS SHE TALKING OF?

...OPEN THE GATE FOR ME...

I DON'T KNOW. BUT WITHOUT HER, WE'RE UP A COSMIC CREEK WITHOUT A FUCKING SURFBOARD.

...THAT I MAY PASS!

YOU SMELL THAT?

DON'T YOU KNOW, MY GIRL...

DON'T YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU HANG OUT WITH THOSE TROUBLEMAKER KIDS?

SHUNK

YOU KNOW HOW EVERYONE TREATS YOU, MY SWEET CASSIE.

AND WHAT I'VE GOT TO DO TO THEM CRUEL, SOULLESS CREATURES.

M-- MOM?

RAAAAGH!

HNF!

=KOFF= WHAT... WHAT'D HE THINK? I HAVEN'T BEEN POSSESSED BEFORE? =KAFF=

IT'S MY MOM, VOODOO. *THE LUNCH LADY.*

I HAVE TO...

NO, CASSIE. DON'T TOUCH THAT FUCKING SWORD, HONEY.

I FIGURED THIS ALL OUT. I CAN... I CAN EXORCISE HER. JUST... JUST GIVE ME...

THE SOUL OF *VANESSA CHILDE!* IT VANISHES! HER BODY DIES!

A CLEVER LITTLE THING POSSESSED OF GREAT WILL AND POWER.

CLEVER. BUT TOO LATE.

I WAS IN THESE GARDENS FOR A WHILE, YA KNOW. ONLY THING THAT GREW THERE WAS PAIN. ONLY PEOPLE THERE WAS TERRIBLE SINNERS OF THE WORST SORT.

KTANG

BUT I KEPT TELLING 'EM ALL...

SHANG

...I'M GONNA GET BACK TO MY SWEET GIRL SOMEHOW.

I'M GONNA MAKE SURE SHE'S NOT SURROUNDED BY THOSE MEAN, UGLY BOYS NO MORE.

I'M GONNA MAKE SURE SHE GROWS UP REAL STRONG AND REAL HEALTHY EVEN IF I GOTTA FEED HER THOSE BOYS, LITTLE BITS AT A TIME.

SHNK

I CLAIM YOUR PUTRID SOUL, MORTAL SINNER.

NO! I WON'T GO BACK! MY SWEET GIRL NEEDS ME! I WON'T!

YOU WILL.

FOR I AM THE *DRAUGSPLITTER.*

CASSANDRA?

YOU WILL NOT STOP ME, VLAD. NO MORE WARNINGS. THIS IS MY DESTINY.

AHHH!

SHUNK

NO NO NO.

THERE IS ENTROPIC CANCER HERE. ABORTED ERADICATION IN THE THROES OF STILLBIRTH.

THIS IS AN ABERRATION OF CREATION. A SYMPTOM OF AN AFFLICTED UNIVERSE.

IT MUST BE COMPLETELY EXCISED.

SHANK

YOUR SHRIEKING BLASPHEMY IS MY CARNAL SYMPHONY.

EEEEEE

SHRIEK

PLEASE. DO NOT GO QUIETLY INTO OBLIVION.

THAT WAS ALL METAL AS FUCK.

EH?

BUT YOU'RE KIND OF STEALING *EVIL ERNIE'S* SCHTICK!

BOMBS AWAY, BABY.

HNT.

WHAMMO

SAKKARA! YOU'RE ON!

YES YES. KEEP RAISING YOUR VOICE TO ME, *FAIRCHILD*, AND I'LL PULL YOUR LARYNX OUT YOUR DECAYED REAR.

HNGH. *PURGATORI*... I... I CUT YOU IN HALF.*

OH, I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN. BUT *ERNEST* INSISTS YOUR MISSHAPEN FORM IS ESSENTIAL TO OUR PLAN, AND THAT I MUST SAVE YOUR LIFE.

*HE DID! IN ISSUE 2! --KUTTIN' KETNER

HE DID NOT SAY, HOWEVER, THAT I HAD TO MAKE IT *PAINLESS*.

AANNGH!

PLP

SPLP

YOU MAKE SERVANTS OF THE RISEN DEAD WITH YOUR TELEPATHIC MIND, REVENANT.

YOU ARE THE MOST DESERVING OF MY STEEL.

REEEEEMATCH!

JUST A REMINDER, ***ERN!*** SHE CONNECTS WITH THAT SWORD, AND BOTH OF OUR SOULS ARE GETTING A ONE-WAY TRIP TO THE ***TORTURE GARDENS*** FOR AT LEAST THE NEXT EIGHT BILLION YEARS.

I KNOW, SMILEY. BUT I GOTTA GET CLOSE...

SHNK

...TO... DO... *THIS.*

ANNNGH!

KRZZK

MIND IF I SIT?

KREEK

IT'S A FREE COUNTRY.

YOU'RE MAD AT ME, *HUH*, CASS?

YOU'RE S'POSED TO BE MY FRIEND, ERNIE.

YOU'RE S'POSED TO KNOW BETTER'N ANYONE WHAT IT'S LIKE...

YOU PLAYIN' WITH THEM BAD BOYS AGAIN?

THEY'RE GONNA HURT YOU, CASSIE. DO I GOTTA SHOW YOU HOW BAD SO YOU UNDERSTAND?

SO, HOW COME YOU WON'T LET ME MAKE SURE IT NEVER HAPPENS AGAIN?

'CUZ.

'CUZ WHEN I GOT HURT, I THOUGHT IT WAS MY FAULT. BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT MY STEPDAD ***BUFORD*** WANTED ME TO FEEL.

AFTER A WHILE, I THOUGHT I MUST HAVE BEEN WEAK. THAT I DIDN'T HAVE TOUGH ENOUGH ARMOR, Y'KNOW?

SO, I WENT ON THE OFFENSE. WENT FROM LIL' ERNEST FAIRCHILD TO EVIL ERNIE. ALL SHARP EDGES.

ALWAYS ON THE ATTACK. ALWAYS AFTER BLOOD BEFORE IT COULD BE DRAWN OUTTA ME.

THAT'S THE THING WITH PEOPLE LIKE US. THAT'S WHY WE NEED EACH OTHER.

WE HAVE AN EXTRA BURDEN.

WE DON'T JUST HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT GETTING COMPLETELY COVERED UP IN OUR OWN ARMOR, CASSIE.

"WE ALSO GOTTA MAKE SURE WE DON'T TURN OURSELVES INTO A SWORD."

ERNIE.

OH GOD.

SPLP

PLP

HNH. NOW, SAKKARA!

SPLP

PLUP

HNF. I SWEAR THE GRINNING IDIOT THINKS IT'S BETTER WHEN HE USES MY REAL NAME.

LESS BITCH, MORE PULL!

HNH! WHAT THE FUCK?!

THE ONLY THING KEEPING ME HERE IS WHAT AWAITS ME ON THE OTHER SIDE. DO *NOT* TEST MY PATIENCE!

AW, MAN, THIS SUCKS SULFUROUS BALLS!

ALL THIS WORK TO AVOID THE PLACE, AN' NOW WE'RE JUST JUMPIN' RIGHT IN!

NNH. WHERE?

HELL.

YOU'RE IN HELL, TOOTS.

ROAST IMP?

HELL?! ARE YOU SERIOUS?

HURR. YES. THANKS TO ERNEST.

I KNOW IT HAS BEEN STRANGE WEEK WHEN BEING IN HELL IS BETTER THAN NEARLY DOING EXACTLY WHAT THE DEVIL WANTED US TO DO, YES?

THE DEVIL. THE FUCKING DEVIL? WHY?

IT'S A SURPRISINGLY CUNNING PLAN FROM SUCH A STUPID FALLEN ANGEL AS LUCIFER.

HIS FORCES WERE WEAK. HIS ENEMIES AT THE GATE. AND HE HAD BEEN REPEATEDLY BEATEN BY VAMPIRES, ZOMBIES AND MONSTROUS CHILDREN LIKE CHASTITY'S ***CHOSEN.***

HE NEEDED A SHOW OF STRENGTH TO FEND OFF THE OTHER ***CHAOSLORDS...***

...EVEN IF IT MEANT SENDING SOME OF HIS MOST GLORIOUSLY EVIL AND MURDERORUS SOULS BACK INTO THE WORLD TO CONVINCE A PARTICULARLY DELICIOUS ***MONSTER HUNTER*** TO STEAL DRAUGSPLITTER.

BLEERG

YOUR PAIN HAS BEEN SUFFICIENTLY DELIGHTFUL, SAKKARA.

YOU MAY NOW CLAIM YOUR REWARD, ***DRINKER OF GODS.***

SNK. MMM. NN.

I AM--

I KNOW. I KNOW WHO YOU ARE, ***MISTRESS HEL.*** I SAW YOU IN ERNIE'S DREAMS. YOU WERE FAMILIAR TO ME EVEN THEN.

YES. BECAUSE YOU ARE SURROUNDED BY DEATH, CASSANDRA HACK. AND THAT IS HOW YOU WERE MANIPULATED. AS MORTALS OFTEN ARE IN THE AFFAIRS OF THE DIVINE.

"AND NOW THE SOULS OF *CHASTITY MARKS* AND THE *CHOSEN* ARE STRUNG ABOVE *ABADDON ACROPOLIS*.

AAAHH!

"THEIR PAIN AND DOMINATION A WARNING TO ANY WHO WOULD TRIFLE WITH LUCIFER."

"WHILE AT THE GATES, A SYMBOL OF HIS NEWFOUND STRENGTH AND CONFIDENCE AMASSES.

"LUCIFER'S ARMY OF MURDEROUS SOULS...

"...THE ***SLASHERS*** YOU HAVE DEDICATED YOUR LIFE TO ERADICATING FROM THE WORLD ABOVE."

HACK/SLASH vs. CHAOS!
PART 5

HACK/SLASH VS. CHAOS! #5A by **TIM SEELEY**

"THE RAVEN'S WINGS BEAT AGAINST THE THICK SULFUROUS AIR OF HELL.

"*CHASTITY MARKS* STIRS FROM A SLIVER OF AGONIZED CONSCIOUSNESS, KNOWING THE BLACK BIRD IS A HARBINGER.

"HER CRACKED LIPS PART TO WHISPER TO HER STUDENTS, *THE CHOSEN*, STRUNG WITH BLACK CHAINS NEARBY.

"THE WHISPER ISN'T HEARD BY THE ARMY WAITING AT THE GATES OF ABADDON ACROPOLIS BELOW.

"BUT THE SLASHERS STIR, NONETHELESS.

"A SCENT IN THE AIR, SO FAMILIAR TO THESE MASKED MASS MURDERERS. HOT. ORGANIC. METALLIC."

SOMETHING COMES.

"BUT IN A QUANTITY GREATER THAN EVEN THEY HAVE EVER SPILLED IN THEIR HORRIFIC, MULTIPLE LIVES.

BLOOD!

"THEIR OWN BLOOD DRUMMING IN THEIR EARS, THE SLASHERS DO NOT HEAR THESE WORDS.

"WHICH IS REALLY TOO FUCKING BAD."

'CUZ *SMILEY THE PYSCHO BUTTON* IS ONE POETIC SON OF A BITCH!

SMILEY! KEEP IT DOWN, MAN!

TRYNA CONCENTRATE ON HELPIN' OUR FRIENDS SPREAD SOME *MEGADEATH* HERE!

MM. THIS ONE HAS A PLEASANT TANG.

HER BLOOD IS ALMOST AS DELICIOUS AS YOUR *AESIR CRUOR*, ***MISTRESS.***

DON'T GET USED TO IT, ***PURGATORI.*** ***ERNEST FAIRCHILD*** CALLED FOR MY HELP AGAINST ***LUCIFER***, AND I CAME.

RESTORING YOU IS NOTHING MORE THAN A FAVOR.

SQUIT

THIS MUST ACTUALLY BE HEAVEN. MY REWARD? THE OPPORTUNITY TO KILL YOU AGAIN, ***VLAD.***

YOU KILLED ME ONCE, SAMHAIN. BUT LAST TIME I HAD LITTLE KNIFE...

...AND NOW I HAVE BIG ***MAGIC SWORD!***

HUR HUR HUR HURR!

SHUNK

NO MORE SEQUELS FOR YOU, BITCH!

ADE DUE DAMB-- ***AAGHK!***

WE'VE CLEARED THE FIRST LINE OF THESE SECOND-RUN SICKOS! YOU'RE ON, ***HEL!***

A REMINDER, ***CASSANDRA HACK.*** I AM THE QUEEN OF THE UNDERREALMS, AND DAUGHTER OF ***LOKI.***

AND ***PATRON OF KILLERS***, INCLUDING YOU.

YOU WILL ADDRESS ME AS YOUR *MISTRESS*...

...OR YOUR BONES WILL JOIN THIS ACROPOLIS' FAÇADE.

SHE JOINED THE BATTLE. I EXPECTED HER MANIPULATIONS, BUT HER PHYSICAL PRESENCE IS SURPRISING.

WHAT COULD BE SO VALUABLE TO HEL THAT SHE WOULD RISK FURTHER RIDICULE AND DEFEAT AFTER SO MANY FAILED ATTEMPTS TO REGAIN HER ARMY OF SOULS?

I SUPPOSE IT'S AN ANSWER YOU CAN TEAR FROM HER PALE THROAT, ***CREMATOR***.

LET US SMASH THEM ALL AND SHOW THE ***CHAOSLORDS*** THAT ALL THOSE WHO STAND AGAINST LUCIFER ARE CRUSHED UNDER HIS HOOF.

WHEN YOU WOKE UP THIS MORNING, DID YOU THINK THAT BY THE END OF THE DAY YOU'D BE STORMING A CASTLE IN HELL BY CLIMBING UP A DEATH GODDESS' GIANT BONE ARM??

HURR. I NEVER RULE IT OUT, YES? THERE, ***CASSANDRA***...

DEAR SISTER, THE SCREAMS OF OUR CHARGES ARE BEING DROWNED BY THE BATTLE BELOW.

WAPSH

...THE SOULS OF THE ***CHOSEN***.

WE MUST SIMPLY WORK HARDER THEN.

MISTRESS HEL SAYS THE CHAINS THAT BIND CHAS AND THE KIDS WERE FORGED FROM THE SOULS OF DEMONS!

KRAK

THE ONLY THING THAT CAN FREE 'EM IS *DRAUGSPLITTER*. IT WAS MADE TO CUT THE THREADS OF LIFE!

HRRM. OF COURSE.

YOU ENTERED THIS PLACE UNINVITED, MORTALS!

THUS, YOU MUST FACE THE WRATH OF *HELL'S GUARDIAN!*

BKOW

HNH!

CREMATOR IS NOTHIN' TO FUCK WITH. VLAD CAN'T HANDLE HIM ALONE.

TAKE THE SWORD, CAS! GET THE KIDS FREE BEFORE LUCIFER COMES!

BUT--HOW CAN YOU TRUST ME?

BECAUSE OF WHAT WE'VE SHARED, CASSIE.

I CAN'T LIE TO YOU.

AND YOU CAN'T LIE TO ME.

I KNOW YOU WON'T LET YOURSELF BE THE SWORD ANYMORE.

KRADOOM

HNH. FAIRCHILD.

I WAS JUST TALKING TO VLAD.

ABOUT HOW IT FELT WHEN HE HELD MY PERFECT BLADE. ABOUT ITS TEMPTING INFLUENCE.

SHNK

ABOUT HOW *BADLY* HE WANTED TO USE IT.

KRAK

KROOOM

HE WANTED TO USE ITS DEVASTATING POWER ON THE MAN WHO HAS PROVEN TO HAVE A GREATER BOND WITH CASSIE THAN HE CAN EVER HAVE.

THWAK

HE WANTED TO KILL *YOU*, ERNEST FAIRCHILD.

YOUR BLADE MANIPULATES HATE.

EVIL ERNIE'S BOND WITH CASSANDRA ALLOWED HIM TO REACH HER WITH HIS MIND.

HIS LOVE SAVED HER FROM HER OWN HATE. HIS LOVE SAVED THE PERSON I LOVE MOST OF ALL.

ERNEST HAS BEEN USED FOR EVIL, BUT HIS SOUL IS KIND AND PURE.

WE COOL.

KRAK

RIGHT BACK ATCHA, BRO.

THEN, IF YOU TRULY WISH TO FIGHT TOGETHER...

...YOU MAY ALSO *DIE TOGETHER!*

FWMP

SHKHNG

HNH.

HACK.

YEAH, LOOK, I KNOW I'M NOT YOUR FAVORITE PERSON RIGHT NOW!

BUT JUST UNCLENCH YOUR SUPER AMAZING ASS BECAUSE I'M GONNA TRY AND DO RIGHT BY YOU AND THE KIDS, OKAY?

I'M GONNA BRING YOU ALL BACK FROM THE DEAD!

SHKHNG

FWMP

HNF!

FREE. WE'RE FREE.

WHAT A TRAGIC DISAPPOINTMENT, CASSANDRA.

YOU SEE, YOU'RE A BIT OF A BOOGEYMAN IN HELL. SO MANY SOULS HAVE ESCAPED THIS PLACE ONLY TO BE SENT BACK BY YOU.

AND YET THE FIRST TIME I MEET YOU, YOU'RE ABOUT TO SET MONSTERS FREE UPON THE LIVING WORLD.

AT LEAST YOU LET THAT LITTLE VOODOO WITCH SUFFER AN EXCRUCIATING END.

VANESSA. OH GOD... VOODOO CHILDE IS DEAD?

MY CHOSEN. KILL THE DEVIL.

YOU GOTTA GET THROUGH HIS ENTOURAGE FIRST, BABY!

VAMPIRES. DEMONS. A LITERAL GODDESS OF DARKNESS.

ONCE SENT TO OBLIVION, BUT ABLE TO CRAWL BACK TO MEDDLE IN THE MORTAL WORLD.

YOU HATE THEM AND WHAT THEY REPRESENT WITH EVERY FIBER OF YOUR BEING.

KRAK

IN FACT, ALL OF THIS; THE QUEST FOR THE SWORD, THE TRIP ACROSS TIME AND SPACE, WAS TO ENSURE YOUR MOTHER WOULDN'T WALK THE WORLD AGAIN AND DESTROY INNOCENT LIVES. LIVES LIKE YOURS.

BUT YOU SHOULD KNOW, MS. HACK, ALL OF THOSE VENGEFUL REVENANTS... EVEN YOUR MOTHER... ARE NOTHING BUT LESSER VERSIONS OF ME.

ONCE I SERVED GOD. BUT I REBELLED AND WAS BANISHED FROM THE GLORY OF THE LIVING LIGHT FOR MY INDISCRETION.

BUT MY HATRED WAS SO GREAT, I RESURRECTED MYSELF AND SWORE TO GET MY REVENGE ON THE MORTAL WORLD.

I SHARED MY RAGE WITH ANY VESSEL THAT DESIRED THE SAME REVENGE AS I.

NOW HERE I AM. YOUR TRUE GREATEST ENEMY. THE ROOT CAUSE OF ALL YOUR PAIN AND THAT OF EVERYONE PLAGUED BY THE EVIL DEAD...

...AND YOU ***CAN'T*** STRIKE ME DOWN.

BECAUSE IF YOU DO, THE SWORD WILL TAKE FINAL CONTROL, AND IT WILL LIKELY MEAN THE END OF ALL THE UNDEAD SOULS YOU JUST SAVED.

BECAUSE IT WILL SURELY MEAN THE END OF ***YOU***.

MAY YOU FALL FOR ETERNITY, CURSED ANGEL!

SLSH

IT'S DONE. THEIR MASTER DIES, AND THEIR SOULS RETURN TO THE *MURDER FIELDS.*

SHREEE!

SHREEE!

SHREEE!

AW, NO, MAN! AW, NOOO--

LORD LUCIFER!

THIS IS ALL YOUR DAMN FAULT!

KRANK

CASSANDRA. NO.

YOU DIDN'T.

I--

I DIDN'T.

I DID.

LUCIFER STOLE MY BODY. USED ME TO CORRUPT YOU AND GET REVENGE ON HIS ENEMIES. HE IMPRISONED MY SOUL. SO I WALKED BACK THROUGH THE CROSSROADS.

'CUZ A *VOODOO QUEEN* DOESN'T LET THAT SHIT GO.

VANESSA?

THE SWORD CAN'T POSSESS YOUR SOUL IF I'M POSSESSING THE SWORD.

QUITE THE POWERFUL LITTLE WITCH.

PAPA LEGBA IS LUCKY TO HAVE SUCH A FINE PRIESTESS. BUT SHOULD YOU LIKE TO TRADE UP, MISTRESS HEL IS NOW QUEEN OF *HELL*.

STAY AWAY FROM THE BODY, PURGATORI.

ALL THAT WAS ONCE LUCIFER'S IS NOW MINE.

MY LADY.

MY LADY.

MY LADY.

WHAT?! NO FUCKING WAY!

SHOW SOME GRATITUDE. IT WAS THE DEAL WE MADE, DEAR. I GOT PUT BACK TOGETHER, AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO SPEND ETERNITY TORMENTED BY HARLOTS.

AS PER OUR ARRANGEMENT, I WILL RETURN YOU TO THE LIVING REALM THROUGH THE *WOUND IN THE WORLD*.

YOUR SOULS WILL BE RESTORED TO YOUR FLESH.

BUT I RECOMMEND ACTING QUICKLY. DEATH IS NOTHING IF NOT FICKLE.

OOH. YOU'RE ALL SMOOTH AND COOL.

BLEGH. YOUR DISGUSTING AFFECTIONS ARE MORE TORTUROUS THAN ANYTHING THIS WORLD COULD DEVISE.

HURR. ALMOST I WISH I HAD BEEN DEAD SO I COULD RETURN TO A FRESH BODY. THIS ONE IS SORE.

WAIT. ERNIE?

AREN'T YOU COMING?

THE OTHER *CHAOSLORDS* WILL BE WAITING TO SEE IF THE MISTRESS IS AN ALLY OR ENEMY.

AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF REBELLIOUS DEAD ONES WANDERING AROUND WHO ARE GONNA HAVE TO FALL IN LINE.

ALL THAT WORK TO AVOID THE PLACE, AN' NOW WE'RE JUST JUMPIN' RIGHT IN.

YOU... YOU TRADED YOUR SOUL TO HEL TO SAVE THE REST OF US?

HEY, I TRIED CASS. I TRIED DOING SOME KIND OF GOOD THE ONLY WAY I KNEW.

BUT I'M NOT LIKE YOU. I'M ANGRY, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT I FIGHT FOR OR WHO.

I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A SWORD, CASS. MISTRESS HEL'S JUST THE LATEST ONE TO PICK ME UP.

YOU TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF, OKAY?

'CUZ NEXT TIME WE MEET...

...WE PROBABLY AIN'T GONNA BE ON THE SAME SIDE.

HIGHLAND PARK, ILLINOIS.

THE FORMER SITE OF CEUTOTECH PHARMACEUTICALS.

WARRIOR-CLERICS OF NOTT! AGAIN-WALKERS AND JOTNAR!

GOOD MORNING!

HNGH. THIS IS DEFINITELY MY SECOND WORST RESURRECTION.

CHOSEN. LOOK ALIVE! PURGATORI IS STILL--

HRGHK!

YOUR MORTAL ENEMY? YES. YES, I AM.

AND MY STOMACH IS STILL FULL OF THE BLOOD OF A GODDESS, SO MY POWERS ARE AT ABSOLUTE PEAK LEVELS FOR AT LEAST A FEW HOURS.

IN FACT, I'M NEARLY INVULNERABLE, I SHOULD IMAGINE.

I COULD KILL YOU, YOUR BELOVED STUDENTS AND HAVE MY REVENGE ON HACK AND VLAD.

I COULD TAKE BACK THE DRAUGSPLITTER, ENDING THIS LITTLE GAME WE ALL PLAY ONCE AND FOR ALL.

OR I COULD DO AS I AM NEVER ABLE AND BATHE IN THE SUN...

...WAITING FOR OUR *NEXT* GAME TO BEGIN.

THE SICK BITCH LOVES THIS.

I SHOULD HURRY. I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE SPELL THAT OPENS THE DOOR TO THE *NEXUS OF ALL THINGS.*

I CAN RETRIEVE MY BODY.

AND WE CAN MELT THIS CURSED SWORD IN THE SOUL FURNACE IT WAS FORGED IN.

WE'LL GO WITH YOU. WE OWE YOU THAT--

NO.

LOOK, I KNOW WHAT I DID. BUT I WAS MANIPULATED. GIVE ME A CHANCE--

A CHANCE? LET ME ASK YOU A QUESTION, CASSIE.

IF SLASHERS STARTED POURING BACK INTO THE WORLD. IF YOUR MOTHER WAS GOING TO COME BACK AGAIN... AND THERE WERE SOME MEANS OF STOPPING THEM, WOULD ANYTHING GET IN YOUR WAY? ANYONE?

NO.

YOU WENT TO HELL. SAW WHAT WAITS AFTER DEATH. AND YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE LIKE ME. LIKE ***THE CHOSEN***. BUT I WAS WRONG.

LISTEN TO YOUR OWN WORDS, CASSIE.

"NO ONE IS SUPPOSED TO GET ANOTHER CHANCE ONCE THEY'RE GONE."

"BECAUSE THE LIVING HAVE TO GO ON LIVING THEIR OWN LIVES."

COME, MY ***CHOSEN***. WE HAVE LIVES TO LIVE.

CASSIE. WAIT.

SHE IS ANGRY MAYBE ABOUT THE STABBING. BUT YOU ALSO SAVED HER.

SHE DIDN'T MEAN IT AS SHE SAID, YES?

SHE MEANT IT.

AND I THINK... I THINK SHE'S RIGHT.

RUNNING AROUND TAKING OUT THOSE SLASHERS AGAIN...

...KNOWING AT ANY TIME MY MOM COULD COME BACK RIGHT ALONG WITH THEM...

VLAD...

HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO LIVE, WHEN THE ONLY WAY I FEEL ALIVE ANYMORE...

...IS WHEN I'M SURROUNDED BY DEATH?

THE END.

HACK/SLASH™

COVERS & PIN-UPS

HACK/SLASH vs. VAMPIRELLA #1B Cover by **GORAN SUDŽUKA**

Cassie & Vampirella by **DANIEL LEISTER & CARLOS MORENO**

HACK/SLASH vs. VAMPIRELLA #2B Cover by **GORAN SUDŽUKA**

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I am Mary Shelley Lovecraft.

I am a sentient hyper concept of the Nth level, given consciousness and desire by the pure relevance and power of my source materials.

And I am out of my element.

NOT SO FAST! WE NEED THE POWER GRID FOR, Y'KNOW... *POWER.*

WAKOW

For I am the spirit of tales from gothic horrors to speculative fictions.

I desire to obliterate physical space and replace it with the superior realm of ideaspace.

HNH. YOU HAVE ME, HEROINE...

But, not this ideaspace.

I AM DEFEATED.

AND *UNARMED.*

BLERRRG

For this is the world of superhuman heroes. Of satire. Of titillation.

This is the world of LOVEBUNNY & MR. HELL.

DON'T WORRY...

And I hate it.

...I DIDN'T BELIEVE HER SQUID ASS EITHER.

THROOM

HRRM?

OKAY, WE SAVED MINNEAPOLIS FROM CANDLELIGHT AND ACTUALLY HAVING TO TALK TO EACH OTHER.

BRING ON THE SOCIAL MEDIA PRAISE!

WAIT, WHAT? #THREESQUAREAVENGER? WHAT THE HELL'S THAT SUPPOSED TO MEAN--?!

AW, SERIOUSLY?!

THIS IS WHAT THE NEWS CAMERAS WERE FOCUSED ON?!

THIS IS WHY EVERYONE HATES THE MEDIA!

WHY?

WHY DID YOU STOP ME?

ALL I WISHED TO DO WAS SYPHON ENOUGH ELECTRICITY TO POWER MY *INTERFICTION DOOR.*

I WANT TO ***LEAVE*** THIS WORLD, AND BEDEVIL IT NO LONGER.

YEAH, THAT'S NICE, MARY, BUT WHAT ABOUT THE ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE?

THAT WOULD WIPE OUT ALL THOSE DEVICES...AND PROBABLY A CERTAIN HASHTAG.

HMM...

MR. HELL! OH MY GOSH! LOOK! YOU CAN SEE WISCONSIN FROM HERE!

HRGHM?

GO! SKEDADDLE!

It could have been worse I suppose.

I could have been cast out and imprisoned in a universe where superheroes are motivated only by sincere dedication to what's right.

FLASH

Fortunately that's very hard to write.

And writers are very lazy.

Now this. This is much more my milieu. From amongst these decaying monuments to the forgotten dead, I shall grow strength and influence and--

DEMON!

YOUR KIND IS NOT WELCOME HERE. SO SAYS EVA, DAUGHTER OF THE DRAGON.

=sigh= Of course. What's a world of horrors without a hunter to stand against them?

MAY MY BLADES FIND THINE HEART.

They don't make them like this one anymore.

All ruffles, cleavage, and Shakespearean dialogue. So very Hammer.

I ALMOST HATE TO BE ABUSIVE TOWARDS SUCH A KINDRED SPIRIT.

ALMOST.

STICK TO *VAMPIRES*, HUNTER.

KRAK

WE'D PREFER THE VAMPIRES STICK TO *YOU*.

HNH!

That voice. Threatening but with the practiced silky eloquence of a host.

Part horror, part science fantasy, part teen boy fantasy. VAMPIRELLA OF DRAKULON.

What bizarre fusion of tales is this?!

NOW, WHILE SHE'S DISTRACTED--

PURGATORI.

Conqueror. Demoness. Heavy metal bitch queen.

OH DEAR, VAMPI. I DON'T LIKE BEING ORDERED AROUND.

BUT PERHAPS IF THE ROLES WERE REVERSED...

...AND THERE WERE SOME *SPANKING* INVOLVED.

THROK

How have these disparate creatures come together?!

What banal author formulated this?!

HEY, SQUIDWARD.

CASSANDRA HACK.

WHAT, NO *ARCHIE* THIS TIME?

METAL Ice Cream

HOW?!

I HAVE A SUBSCRIPTION TO *LOVEBUNNY & MR. HELL.* PROBABLY THE *ONLY* ONE.

BUT THAT FINAL PAGE OF THE LAST ISSUE WAS ENOUGH TO GET THE *GIRLS* TOGETHER.

NO MATTER HOW *BAD* WE ARE, WE'D ALL LIKE TO KEEP OUR STORIES GOING.

SO, YOU, *MARY?*

BOOM

YOU'RE CANCELED.

ANOTHER COSMIC THREAT AVERTED.

GOOD. I DON'T LIKE THE COMPETITION.

PERHAPS WE SHOULD CONSIDER MAKING THIS UNION A REGULAR THING. A SORT OF AVENGING FORCE--

STOP RIGHT THERE, VAMPI. THIS IS STRICTLY FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

METAL Ice Cream

SAVE IT FOR ANOTHER DELUXE EDITION.

Minneapolis.

MR. HELL! SOMEONE'S ATTACKING THE MALL, AND WE'RE THE ONLY ONES WHO CAN STOP THEM!

HRGHM?

COWER FOOLS!

FOR MS. MOLLUSK HAS DECREED BOOBERS SHALL SERVE THE BLOOMIN' CALAMARI BALL NO MORE!

Yes, I have returned to the world of superhuman heroes. Of satire. Of titillation.

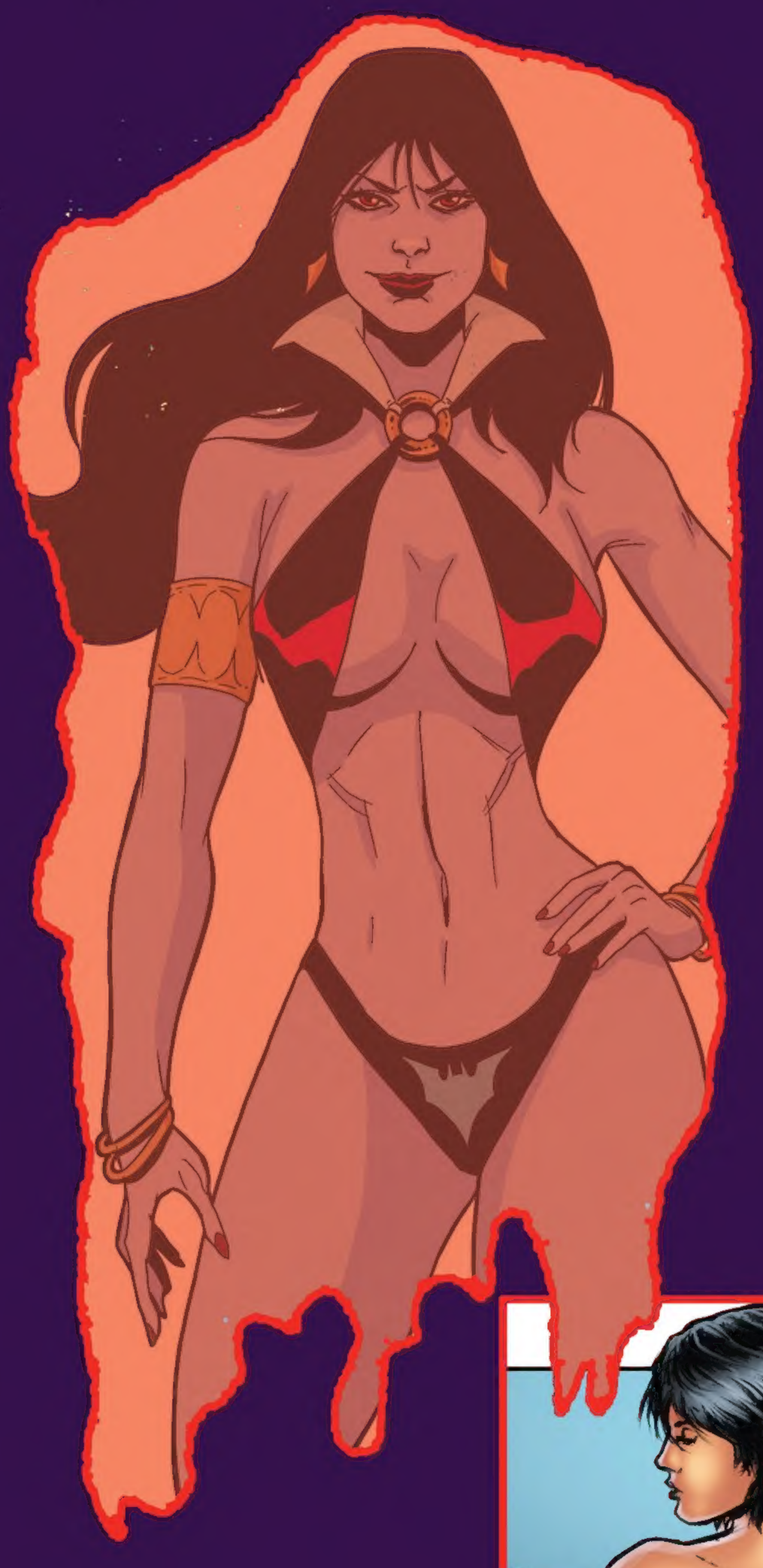
I hate it.

NOT IF I HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY ABOUT IT! ROLL THOSE CAMERAS!

HRM.

But at least it's predictable.

#foursquaretheend



FAMOUS FRIENDS... AND ENEMIES.

In almost every slasher movie, there's one girl who makes it all the way to the end. She's the survivor... the final girl. Meet Cassie Hack, the lone survivor of an attack by the vicious slasher known as the Lunch Lady. Now Cassie and her monstrous partner Vlad travel the country, running into some of comicdom's most notorious horror heroes on their way to slash slashers!

This HACK/SLASH DELUXE edition collects the intercompany crossovers with DYNAMITE ENTERTAINMENT'S EVA, VAMPIRELLA and the CHAOS! UNIVERSE featuring CHASTITY, EVIL ERNIE and PURGATORI! Also includes a brand new bonus story by Tim Seeley and Dan Leister!

"Seeley's characters are so fun and fully realized that HACK/SLASH and other comics go together like peanut butter and chocolate. The combinations are smooth and very satisfying."

— DAVE RICHARDS (CBR, Dave Writes Awesome Stuff)

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